DRIZZLE, SEA, SAND AND DOG SHIT

ISSUE 66

NOT FOR SALE TO CHILDREN

Viz

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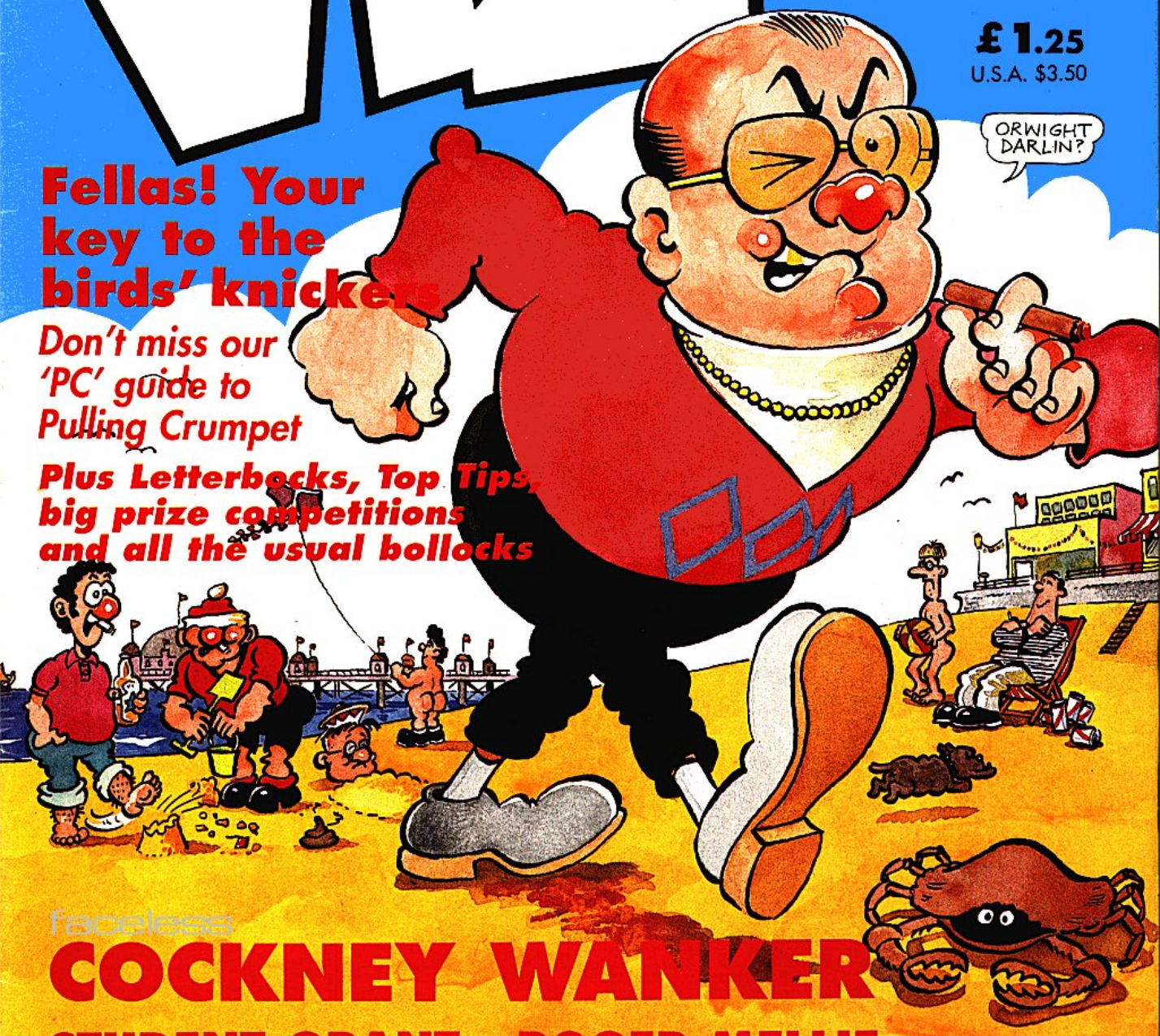

Fellas! Your key to the birds' knickers

Don't miss our 'PC' guide to Pulling Crumpet

Plus Letterbocks, Top Tips, big prize competitions and all the usual bollocks

faceless

COCKNEY WANKER

STUDENT GRANT **ROGER MELLIE**

SID THE SEXIST **MODERN PARENTS**

*YOU DON'T HAVE TO **LIKE** IT, YOU JUST HAVE TO **BUY** IT*

66
9 770952 796016

COCKNEY WANKER

ORWIGHT DARLIN'

ONE MORNING...

YOU BITCH!..

SMACK!

BANG!

AAGH!

WHALLOP!

...YOU FACKIN' SHTOOPID CAAAAAH!

NO!.. LEAVE ME ALONE...

NO! NOT ME FACE, WANKAH!

SLAP!

OW!

SMACK!

SLAP!

GERTCHA!

STOP IT, WANKAH!.. PLEASE

WELL, 'OW MANY TIMES 'AVE I TOLD YAH?... YOU WARM THE BLEEDIN' POT BEFOWAH Y' PUT THE TEA IN IT... IT'S FACKIN' SIMPLE.... ORWIGHT?

DOZY BITCH

THAT'S IT! MY MAVVAH WAS RIGHT... I SHOULD NEVAH 'AVE MARRIED YAH...

...I'M ORF, 'ENT I?

YOU WOT?

I'M ORF! I'M LEAVIN' YAH! I'M GOIN' T' STAY WIN ME MAVVAH, WANKAH

WOT THE BLEEDIN' 'ELL ARE YOU ON ABAAAHT?..

... SHE FACKIN' LIVES WIN US DANT SHE?

'ERE, SHIRL. YOU AINT GOIN' NOWHERE, YOU SHTOOPID CAAH!

NAH YOU KEEP YOUR BEAK AAAHT OF THIS, MA...

...THIS IS FAAAHMLY!

'ERE, BARSTARD... DID YOU 'EAR THAT?

BAT...

LEAVE IT AHT, LOU

I SAID LEAVE IT

AW, WANKAH... YOU DON'T LAV ME NO MOWAH

COURSE I DO, YOU DARFT BAGGER...

'ER... TELL YOU WOT...

GETCHA GLAD RASS ON, POLL, AN' I'LL TAKE YOU AP WEST... TREAT YOU LIKE A FACKIN' QUEEN, I WILL

OH, WANKAH! WE CAN'T GO AP WEST... NOT ARFTER LARST TIME

EH... WOTCHU MEAN?

YOU STABBED THAT SCOTY OUTSIDE THE TAWK O' THE TAAHN, DINCHA?

WELL, 'ES WAS LOOKIN ATCHAH, SHIRL

BAT I 'ADN'T GOT AHT THE TAXI, WANKAH

I KNOW THAT. BAT 'E WOULD 'AVE LOOKED ATCHAH... GIVEN 'ARF A CHARNCE

WELL, ANY'OW... WE CAN'T GO BACK THERE

WELL, I'LL TELL Y' WOT... OW ABAAAHT A DAY TRIP DAAAHN MARGIT

'WE AIN'T GOT A CAR.

THAT'S ORWIGHT. I'LL BUY THAT CANTS NEXT DAW

IS 'E SELLIN' IT?

DANNO... PROBABLY. I'LL GO AN ARSK 'IM

NEXT DOOR...

ORWIGHT DARLIN...

...IS YAW OLD MAN IN?

'ERE, CANT... WANKAH FWOM NEXT DAW WANTS A WORD WIV YAH!

WELL WOT THE FACK DAZ 'EE WANT, LIL?

I DON'T BLEEDIN' KNOW, DO I...

WHY DONTCHU CAM DAAHN AN' ARRRSK 'IM?

ORWIGHT, WANKAH, WOTCHU WANT VEN, EH?

WOTCHA, CANT. IT'S ABAHT THAT FACKIN MOTAH OF YAWS

OH, YEH? WOT ABAAHD IT?

'OW MACH D'YOU PAY FOR IT, EH?

CAN'T YOU WEMEMBAH? I BAWT IT OFF YAH THIS MAWNIN' FOR A BAG O' SAAAND

FACK ME, I'M AN ARAB, 'ENT I? I MAST 'AVE SEEN YOU CAMIN, MATE. IT AINT WURF 'ARF THAT

YOU FINKIN' OF BUYIN' IT, IS YAH, EH?

I MIGHT BE. YOU FINKIN OF SELLIN IT OR WOT?

WHY? WOT'S IT T' YOU?

WELL THAT'S MY BUSINESS, INNET, CHIEF?

TELL YOU WOT... I'LL GIVE YOU A MANKEY FOR IT

DO ME A FAVOUR... A CAPPLE O' CARPETS OR YOU CAN FACK OFF!

GAWD... TELL YOU SAMFINK... YOU DIVING A FACKIN 'ARRRD BARGAIN, WANKAH!

YOU WON'T REGRET IT, CANT. BOOTIFUL SET O' WHEELS, THAT. RUNS SMASHIN'

'ERE... WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE JAST BAWT ME OWN FACKIN' MOTAH!
WOT.? YOU FINKIN' OF SELLIN' IT, ARE YAH?
ER... YEH... I MIGHT BE
I'LL TELL YOU WOT... I'LL GIVE YOU A MANKEY FOR IT
DO ME A FAVOUR... A MANKEY... YAW KIDDIN', AINTCHA? THAT'S A CLASSIC MOTAH, THAT IS. IT'S A REAL 'ED TURNAH! FWOW IN A LONG 'UN AN' IT'S YAWS.
BLEEDIN' ROB DOG
..'ERE YOU ARE
THEN... SIX 'ANDRED NOTES.
HEH! HEH! HEH! SORTED
SHORTLY..
CAM ON, SHIRL... ... ARRY AP
ORWIGHT, ORWIGHT. KEEP YAH FACKIN' 'AIR ON, WANKAH
BAKED POTATAH, MA!
BAKED POTATAH, WANKAH!
GAWD... BLEEDIN' LANDON! CAN'T GET FACKIN MOVED NOWHERE. EVERY INCH OF FROG AN' TOAD CHOC-A-BLEEDIN' BLOCK WI' JAM JARS.
MIND YOU... I WOULDN'T LIVE NOWHERE ELSE, SHIRL. NOT FOR A MILLION PAAAHND. EAST ENDERS IS SO WARM AN FRIENDLY. IT'S LIKE ONE BIG 'APPY FAAAHMILY, INNIT?
PEEEEP!
TAXI
PEEEEP!
ORWIGHT, ORWIGHT, WOT'S YAW PROBLEM, EH? YOU FACKIN' BARSTARD
ARE YOU GOIN' T' SIT THERE AWL FACKIN' DAY OR WOT, EH?..
...THERE'S SIX INCHES IN FWONT OF YAW MOTAH
OH, YEH! D'YOU WANNA MAKE SAMPINK OF IT, EH, DO YAH?
CAM ON THEN, CAM ON, Y' LITTLE BARSTARD. I'LL FACKIN' 'AVE YAH!
OH YEH? CAM ON THEN. MY SAN! FINK YER A BIT TASTY, DO YAH? FINK YER A BIT TASTY, EH? YOU FACKIN' CHEEKY CANT!
OY. WANKAH!.. 'EE'S MOVED ON A FOOT. QUICK, BEFOWAH SAM FACKAH PUSHES IN
GERTCHA!
POP!
SO...
'ERE WE GO, GIRL. NAH WE'RE MOOVIN'. WE'RE GETTIN SAMWHERE
LAVLY
FOUR HOURS LATER...
FACKIN' 'ELL, WANKAH, I'M BURSTIN' FOR A GYPSIES KISS
YOU SLAAAAG! YOU SHOULD'VE GAWN BEFOWAH WE LEFT
I'M JAST GOIN' T' NIP BACK INSIDE FOR A PEE, WANKAH!
ORWIGHT. GET ME A BOTTLE OF BEER AHT THE SIDEBOARD, WILL YAH?
SHORTLY...
GAW! THIS BLEEDIN' TRAFFIC IS DIABOLICAL! NOBODY USES THEIR PLATES ANYMORE. PEOPLE AIAT T' WALK...
D' YOU KNOW, IT TOOK ME FREE OURS T' GET T' THE CAWNER SHOP F' ME FAGS YESTERDAY... AN' WHEN I GOT THERE I COULDN'T BLEEDIN PARK
WELL, I BLAME THE BLACKS, I DO. ENOCH POWELL 'AD THE RIGHT IDEA, I TELL YAH!
WANKAH, LOOK AAAHT!
KEEP YER EYES ON THE ROAD, WANKAH! HE'S MOVED FORWARD A FOOT AN' 'ARF WHILE YOU'VE BEEN GIVIN' IT THIS WIN YAW NORF AN' SAAF! RABBIT RABBIT RABBIT
'ERE! THAT REMINDS ME...
...LET'S 'AVE A BIT OF CHAS AN' DAVE, EH?
OH, I DON'T CARE, I DON'T CARE, I DON'T CARE IF 'EE CAMS DAHN 'ERE, I'VE GOT MY BEER ON THE SIDEBOARD 'ERE, LET MAVVAH SAWT IT AHT IF 'E CAMS DAHN 'ERE..
SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

FOUR DAYS LATER...

DAAAAHN T' MARGIT... YOU CAN KEEP YER COSTA BRAVAH, I'M TELLIN YER MATE I'D RARVAH 'AVE A DAY-DAHN MARGIT WIV AWL ME FA-MILY

MARGATE 6 MILES

GAWD, THIS IS FACKIN' RIDICULOUS... FOUR DAYS WE'VE BEEN TRAVELLIN... ...FOUR FACKIN DAYS. IT TOOK US TWO DAYS T' GET SAAHF OF THE FACKIN' RNER

OH, WANKAH... I WISH WE WAS PURVAH AP THE BETTY BOO

WE CAN BE, DOLL, WE CAN BE. YOU JAST LEAVE IT TO WANKAH

WHERE YOU GOIN?

OY! 'OW MUCH YOU ARSKIN F' THIS MOTAH, THEN, EH?

WHY... YOU INTERESTED, ARE YAH?

I MIGHT BE... I MIGHT BE...

TELL Y' WOT... I'LL GIVE YA A BAG O' SAAND

GAW... GO ON THEN... BAT I'M GATTIN' ME OWN FWOAT. IT WAS ME MAUVAHS, GAWD BLESSAH!

OY, SHIRL, CAMON. WE'RE MOOVIN' AP ONE... I BAWT THE GEEZAH IN FRONT'S MOTAH, DIN'T I?

HEH! HEH! SORTED!

ORWIGHT, JOHN. 'OW MUCH D'YOU WANT F' THESE WHEELS, THEN?

OO'S ARSKIN?

EVENTUALLY...

WE'RE THERE, SHIRL, WE'RE THERE. I'VE BAWT THE ONE AT THE FRONT, RIGHT NEXT T' THE BEACH IT IS.

KNOCKAAAHT!

TONIGHT AT THE MARGATE TOWN HALL - CHAS 'N' DAVE

JELLIED EELS, PIE AN' MASH... GEDDEM WHILE THEY'RE 'OT, THEY'RE LAVERLY

JELLIED EELS PIE N' MASH

OH ARV GOT A LAVERLY BANCH O' COCONATS

ERE... YOU SELLIN THAT SAND CASTLE, THEN?

I MIGHT BE. OO'S ARSKIN?

ISLE of DOGS TIMES

SEND THEM ALL BACK

ERE, I LAV LANDON AN' AWL THAT, SHIRL, BAT IT'S NICE T' GET AWAY FROM IT AWL NAAAH AN' AGAIN, INNIT?

YEAH!

I LAV LANDON

WATNE PARTY POUR

Potty Hill quits Beeb for cop cult

TV soccer pundit Jimmy Hill has dramatically quit the BBC in order to join a bizarre religious cult.

Hill recently stunned BBC bosses by refusing to analyse first half highlights of the recent F.A. Cup final on 'religious grounds'. And after a blazing row with Match of the Day producers Hill is rumoured to have quit his £100 a week job and joined a little known religious cult calling themselves the Church of Latter Day Dixonology.

DIXON

The basic belief of Dixonologists is that Dixon of Dock Green, the likeable 'bobby on the beat' played for over twenty years by the late Jack Warner, will return to Earth in a 'third coming' and lead humanity on the path to law and order. They

believe that Dixon has risen once already, referring to the fifties film 'The Blue Lamp' in which P.C. Dixon was shot outside a cinema by Dirk Bogarde, only to return to life years later in the long running TV series 'Dixon of Dock Green'.

CURRY

Hill and other Dixonologists believe that the 'third coming' of P.C. Dixon can be brought about by his followers sitting in a circle and blinking their eyes very quickly indeed. They also stick rigidly to a diet of things beginning with 'P', such as peanuts, Penguin biscuits and Parmesan cheese. Cult members are forbidden from having uPVC double glazing or any type of conservatory in their homes.

RUMBELOW

It was thought that Hill had settled his differences with BBC bosses after they agreed to let him analyse action from this summer's World Cup finals wearing a crown. A dispute had begun when Hill told colleagues that in future he was to be referred to as the 'King of Football', and several commentators, including former dentist Barry Davies, walked out in protest. However the situation had seemed to be resolved when producers agreed to let Hill wear a crown and sit in a slightly larger chair than the other match analysts.

COMET

When we rang his home yesterday we were told that Hill was in the garden, hiding behind a tree, and was not prepared to come to the telephone.

STAR SHIT ENTERPRISE

An unemployed Bolton man plans to go where no businessman has gone before by launching a pioneering enterprise of his own.

Harold Biggins plans to make a fortune selling souvenirs of the stars, despite the fact that his products are shit. Quite literally! For Harold intends to market celebrity excrement, buying stools fresh from the stars, and selling them as paper weights.

METEOR

"I'm surprised nobody had thought of the idea before", Harold told us. "It seems such an obvious money earner. Turds which would otherwise have simply been flushed down the toilet can be taken away and sold to fans. I'm sure there'll be huge demand, especially for someone like George Michael or Sting's shit."

ASTEROID

Originally Harold had planned to make 'Celebrity Stool Snow Storms' with the logs, sealing them in a plastic dome filled with water, but there were various technical problems. "When you shook them they just turned into diarrhoea. They would have been very difficult to market, and unhygenic if they cracked." So instead he plans to encase them in glass, along with a signed picture of the star responsible for the dump.

HAEMORHOID

Already a host of celebrities have donated droppings after Harold began visiting them to explain his scheme. "Generally the people I've spoken to have been very helpful", said Harold. "I just turn up on their doorsteps with my plastic bag and a spoon. Early morning is the best time, as that seems to be when most of the stars carry out their ablutions. There's the odd awkward customer who refuses to help, but generally speaking they've been marvellous. Cliff Richard, for example, even had one ready in a bag for me when he opened the door."

ADENOID

Unfortunately Harold's bank manager has been less than helpful. "He put me in touch with their Small Businesses Adviser, but when I explained my idea the only advice I got was to "fuck off". And without financial backing I can't get the business off the ground."

POLAROID

Unless the bank have a change of heart Harold fears he may have to throw away the dozen or so stools he has so far collected. "My wife won't let me keep them in the house, so I've got them all in the back yard at the minute. But there's a limit to how long you can keep them before they go all crumbly. They're already drying out."

POLAR BEAR

"The biggest one I've got so far was from Meatloaf. It's a bit on the big side for a paper weight, but it would make a good door stopper. However, if I don't get something sorted out soon I'm going to have to chuck it out, and that will mean having to break it up, which would be a shame.

Bewes sets target for walnut industry

Former TV Likely Lad Rodney Bewes has set a target for Britain's walnut growing industry. 'Self sufficiency by the year 1997'.

Bewes believes that Britain should be growing all the nuts we need within three years, and that the target is realistic. "I don't know much about walnuts, or how you grow them, but I think that we should be producing as many as we need, and hopefully within the next three years."

Bewes chose his target – the 6th of February 1997 – mainly because it was the anniversary of a friend's wedding. "I had a gut feeling about 1997, but I must confess a friend of mine suggested the 6th February because it was his wedding anniversary. But I don't suppose that's important."

Bewes, who lives in Putney, South London, played Bob in the popular series. And we asked him how his hen pecking wife Thelma might have reacted to his target for walnut self-sufficiency. "I hadn't really thought about that", he confessed. "I seem to remember she was always trying to stop me going to the pub with Terry, my best mate. I don't know. Perhaps she'd think it was a good idea. I'm not sure."

And Bewes was equally uncertain about how Britain's nut growers are supposed to go about increasing their crops. "I suppose if they invested in new technology – some sort of nut fertiliser, or mechanical nut pickers, that would help.

LetterBocks

If you have a point to make, Send it in and win a cake*

That's magic!

They say 'you can't teach an old dog new tricks'. Well Paul Daniels hasn't done too badly with Debbie McGee.

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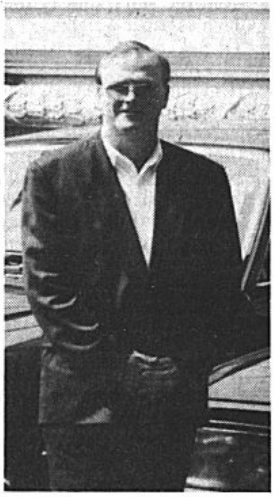

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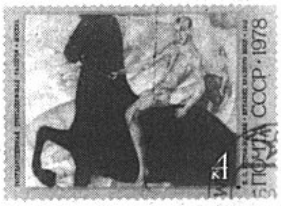

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ROGER MELLIE

The Man on the Telly

BOLLOCKS!

IN TOM'S OFFICE...

KNOCK KNOCK!

COME IN

HI TOM! HOW ABOUT TRYING THE NEW 'DAZ' CHALLENGE?

EH?

HERE. I'LL SWAP YOU TWO BOXES OF THIS FOR ONE BOX OF YOUR REGULAR POWDER

WHAM!!

ROGER, CALM DOWN WILL YOU

NO? OKAY THEN, YOU TIGHT CUNT. SIX BOXES OF THIS FOR TWO BOXES OF SUPERMARKET OWN BRAND POWDER!

ROGER! STOP IT!

COME ON TOM. I'M JUST GETTING A BIT OF PRACTICE IN FOR MY 'DAZ' ADVERT THIS AFTERNOON

TWO HUNDRED GRAND FOR FIVE MINUTES WORK! I'VE FALLEN ON MY FUCKIN' FEET THIS TIME, EH TOM?

NO ROGER. IT'S OFF!

I'VE EVEN GOT THE COCKNEY ACCENT OFF TO A TEE. HERE-LISTEN TO THIS...

GOR BLIMEY GUVNOR, STRUTH! LOVE A FUCKING DUCK. APPLES AND PAIRS. FEED THE BIRDS, TUPPENCE A BAG...

GORD BLESS YA. ANY OLD IRON, ANY OLD IRON. WHAT DO Y'RECKON!

ROGER, THE CONTRACT'S BEEN CANCELLED. YOU'RE NOT DOING ANY DAZ ADVERTS. THEY'VE GIVEN DANNY BAKER THE JOB BACK

BUT WHY?

BECAUSE OF THIS I'D IMAGINE...

FULCHESTER BUGLE

TV's ROGER MELLIE CAUGHT WANKING IN DIRTY CINEMA

THAT'S NOT TRUE! I WASN'T WANKING. I WAS JUST FIDDLING WITH IT A BIT. IT WASN'T EVEN STANDING UP YET. AND BESIDES, WHAT'S A DIRTY CINEMA FOR IF NOT FOR HAVING A GOOD OLD WANK?

YES. BUT YOU WERE QUEUING FOR AN ICE CREAM AT THE TIME... IN THE FOYER!

SHE WAS A GOOD LOOKING BIRD TOM. I COULDN'T KEEP MY EYES OFF HER JUBBLIES!

I DON'T CARE ROGER...

A CLEAN PUBLIC IMAGE IS VITAL IF YOU'RE GOING TO LAND BIG ADVERTISING CONTRACTS.

THIS SORT OF THING PUTS ADVERTISERS OFF!

WHAT ABOUT MARS? THAT'LL BE A NICE LITTLE EARNER. AND I REALLY LIKE MARS BARS

I KNOW ROGER...

...AND SO DOES THE REST OF BRITAIN!

Sun MELLIE ATE MARS BAR OUT OF MY TWAT says blonde trollop

THAT'S BOLLOCKS! THE LYING COW. I COULD SUE FOR THAT

IT WAS A MARATHON! TOOK ME TWO FUCKIN' HOURS TO GET THE LAST PEANUT OUT!

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING ELSE TOM. I NEED THE MONEY! WHAT ABOUT BEER ADS? I COULD DO THAT.

WIDGET... IT'S GOT A WIDGET... IT'S GOT A WIDGET...

A FUCKING WIDGET IT HAS GOT!

NO ROGER. I'M AFRAID IT'S BEEN A BAD YEAR FOR YOU...

MORE BODIES FOUND IN MELLIE'S GARDEN

FUCK THAT TOM. TOMORROW'S FISH WRAPPER. PEOPLE HAVE GOT SHORT MEMORIES

I'LL DO A BIT OF CHARITY WORK. IT'LL ALL BLOW OVER. YOU'LL SEE. I'LL SOON BE THE BLUE EYED BOY AGAIN!

NO ROGER. I'M SORRY, BUT THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE.

I DON'T THINK ANY ADVERTISER WILL EVER USE YOUR SERVICES AGAIN. YOU'RE JUST TOO CONTROVERSIAL!

BRRING!

HELLO? YES... YES... FIFTY QUID?! OF COURSE HE'LL DO IT! YES. WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

LATER...

BENETTON

JUMPERS FROM £75

NOT BAD EH TOM? SHOULD SELL A FEW JUMPERS

CD ST GD SD S 94

THE MOUSTACHE of THE MOUNTIES

ODDEST LOOKING MOUNTIE I EVER DID SEE!

HE'S RIDING A GIANT PRAWN – OXTH A GREAT BIG MOUSTACHE!

THE ARRIVAL OF A NEW MOUNTIE IN TOWN CAUSED A RIPPLE OF EXCITEMENT AMONG THE INHABITANTS OF SLEEPY LITTLE DIRTBOX CREEK IN NORTHERN CANADA

AT THE LOCAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE STATION

HOWDY, CAPTAIN. I'M MOUNTED CONSTABLE BOB TROTTER

MOUNTED POLICE STATION

I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO JOIN YOU HERE IN DIRTBOX CREEK

MOUNTED SERGEANT JED CRANTON SNEERED AT THE YOUNG RECRUIT

PSHAW! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A PROPER HORSE

YOU'VE MERELY GOT SOME COCKAMAIMY OVERGROWN PRAWN..

...AND JUST LOOK! IT'S GOT AN ENORMOUS MOUSTACHE GROWING ON IT'S UPPER LIP!

THIS KID JUST AIN'T CUT OUT FOR THE MOUNTIES, CAPTAIN

I RECKON YOU CAN'T JUDGE A MAN BY HIS GIANT PRAWN'S UPPER LIP, MOUNTED SERGEANT CRANTON

TSK!

LET'S GIVE YOUNG BOB HERE A CHANCE

THANKS CAPTAIN

SUDDENLY

LOOK OUT! A GIANT GRIZZLY HAS WANDERED INTO TOWN

RRAAAAGH!

THE THREE MOUNTIES DROVE THE SAVAGE BEAR BACK INTO THE WOODS

SHOO!

GO AWAY!

YES!

STRANGE! THE BEARS AROUND HERE USUALLY KEEP THEIR DISTANCE

WHY DO YOU THINK IT CAME INTO TOWN, SILAS?

OLD SILAS THE FUR TRAPPER WAS AN EXPERT ON THE WAYS OF ANIMALS

I RECKON THAT HUNGRY GRIZZLY WAS ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF TASTY MORSALS OF FOOD TANGLED UP IN THIS ENORMOUS MOUSTACHE

SEE – THIS PRAWN HAS BEEN EATING SOUP, AND LITTLE BITS OF VEGETABLE HAVE GOT CAUGHT IN ITS WHISKERS

I WARNED YOU THE KID WOULD CAUSE TROUBLE, CAPTAIN

THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE FOR HUGE MOUSTACHES

BOB GLARED DEFIANTLY AT JED CRANTON

I'LL PROVE MYSELF WORTHY OF THE MOUNTIES, MOUNTED SERGEANT CRANTON – IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

THE HONOUR OF MY PRAWN'S GREAT BIG MOUSTACHE IS AT STAKE

LATER THAT DAY, ON PATROL

IT'S OLD SILAS THE FUR TRAPPER

AND HE'S BEEN HURT!

I WAS BRINGING A LOAD OF ANIMAL SKINS BACK FROM THE WOODS, WHEN TWO CROOKS ATTACKED ME – THEY STOLE ALL MY FURS!

DON'T WORRY SILAS – WE'LL TRACK THOSE THIEVES DOWN

THE TWO MOUNTIES WERE SOON HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE FUR ROBBERS

LISTEN! THERE ARE VOICES COMING FROM THAT CLEARING!

RIGHT – FIRST, YOU DIP THE ANIMAL PELTS IN LUMINOUS ORANGE PAINT...

LUMINOUS ORANGE PAINT

...THEN I'LL NAIL THEM TO THESE STURDY RAFFIA TABLE MATS

AND

PERFECT!

LUMINOUS ORANGE PAINT

WE'LL EARN A FORTUNE SELLING THESE AS TOP-OF-THE-RANGE TOUPEES ON THE INTERNATIONAL WIG MARKET

YOU TWO ARE UNDER ARREST FOR RUG-TRAFFICKING!

HA HA HA!

CANNED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER

BUT THEN DISASTER STRUCK

OH NO! THIS COLD CANADIAN AIR HAS CAUSED MY GLASSES TO MIST UP

I CAN'T SEE A THING!

WHERE IS EVERYONE? HELLO? ARE YOU THERE?

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE

BOB ACTED SWIFTLY

GIVE ME YOUR GLASSES MOUNTED SERGEANT CRANTON

I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA

THE PLUCKY YOUNG MOUNTIE GENTLY WIPED THE MISTY LENSES ON HIS PRAWNS GIGANTIC MOUSTACHE

INCREDIBLE! THOSE BUSHY WHISKERS HAVE MADE MY SPECS CRYSTAL CLEAR ONCE MORE!

HIS VISION RESTORED, MOUNTED SERGEANT CRANTON SHOT DEAD THE FLEEING CROOKS

AAAH!

OOOH!

SHORTLY

I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, BOB. YOU AND YOUR PRAWN'S ENORMOUS MOUSTACHE SHOWED GREAT COURAGE BACK THERE

YOU'RE A CREDIT TO THE MOUNTED POLICE!

AND THAT EVENING, MOUNTED CONSTABLE BOB TROTTER WAS AS PROUD AS COULD BE WHEN A SPECIAL MEDAL OF VALOUR WAS AWARDED TO HIS GIANT PRAWN'S UPPER LIP

HOORAY FOR THE MOUSTACHE OF THE MOUNTIES!

Dickie Beasley

YOUNG DICKIE BEASLEY HAD ONE AMBITION IN LIFE – TO BECOME AN ADVERTISING ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE

ONE MORNING...

NOW COME ON, BOGLEBY. IT'S TIME FOR YOUR BATH.

NO... ME DON'T WANT BATH

DAW... IT'S THE SAME EVERY NIGHT, DICKIE. YOUR LITTLE BROTHER NEVER WANTS HIS BATH

HMM! I THINK THE PROBLEM HERE IS ONE OF COMMUNICATION

YOU KNOW... I THINK I COULD BE OF SOME HELP

OH THANKS, DICKIE. IF YOU COULD JUST GRAB HIS FEET AND I'LL TAKE...

NO, NO, MOTHER... THAT'S SHORT-TERMISM. YOU NEED A LONG TERM CO-ORDINATED CAMPAIGN OF ACTION. HERE, I'LL RATTLE SOME IDEAS AROUND AND PREPARE A PRESENTATION FOR YOU ASAP. LEAVE IT TO ME

A WEEK LATER...

AH, MRS. BEASLEY... ABOUT THE BATHTIME ACCOUNT. CAN I PIN YOU DOWN TO A DEFINITE TIME FRAME, VIS A VIS THE PRESENTATION?

EH?

NOW THEN... FRIDAY'S NO GO... MONDAY DITTO... ERM... NEXT WEEK'S NOSE TO TAIL, ACTUALLY

LET ME SEE... SQUASH WITH GILES ON TUESDAY... RIBENA WITH ALEX ON WEDNESDAY...

WELL HOW ABOUT NOW, THEN, DICKIE? I'VE GOT NOTHING PLANNED

NOW...? YOU MEAN... ...RIGHT NOW?

ER... YEAH!... CRAZY! I'M HOT SO WHY NOT... LET'S GO FOR IT... RUN WITH THE BALL

BUT TRY TO KEEP IT SHORT, DICKIE... I'VE GOT DINNER TO COOK IN HALF AN HOUR

SO... ER... IF I COULD JUST START BY THANKING YOU, MRS. BEASLEY, FOR GIVING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO PITCH FOR THE BATHTIME ACCOUNT. IT'S BEEN A BIG MORALE BOOSTER FOR EVERYONE AT BEASLEY, BEASLEY AND BEASLEY TO BE ASKED TO...

...YES... GET ON WITH IT, DICKIE

NOBBO FLIPCHART

RIGHT... AHEM...

BEFORE WE TALK ABOUT SOLUTIONS, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE PROBLEM

I'M GOING TO THROW SOME WORDS AT YOU..

BATHTIME... WATER... SOAP.. SPLASH... TOWEL... WET... RUBBER DUCK... SHAMPOO

ARE YOU WITH ME SO FAR?

BATHTIME
WATER
SOAP
SPLASH
TOWEL
WET
RUBBER DUCK
SHAMPOO

NOW, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE OVERALL CONCEPT OF...

"... BATHTIME"

BASICALLY, HERE'S YOUR IMAGE BREAKDOWN SCENARIO. THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT "BATHTIME" IS A GOOD PRODUCT... SOLID... DEPENDABLE. I'VE DONE A DEMOGRAPHIC BREAKDOWN ANALYSIS OF YOUR TARGET GROUP...

AGE 2 TO 4. AB2, PREDOMINANTLY MALE. I'VE DONE A BIT OF RESEARCH AND GOT SOME ENDOGER FEEDBACK. HERE'S A FEW SOUNDBITES TO WRAP YOUR EARS AROUND

AB2
↓
AGE
2—

"I LIKE BATHTIME. IT'S FUN"

FLIP!

"I LIKE BATHTIME IT'S FUN"

"MAKES MY FINGERS GO ALL WRINKLY"

FLIP!

:YAWN:

TWO HOURS LATER...

"THE SOAP GET'S IN MY EYES"

FLIP!

"I LIKE TO PLAY WITH THE BUBBLES"

ZZZZZ!

SO TO SUMMARISE, MRS BEASLEY...

HUNH! WHASSAT?

I RECOMMEND A PUSH POSITIVE APPROACH...

... WE NEED TO INCREASE THE CONSUMER AWARENESS OF THE UP-SIDE OF THE IN-BATH EXPERIENCE

FIRST OFF, A CORPORATE IMAGE FOR THE BATH ITSELF... YOU KNOW, CO-ORDINATED LOGOS, COLOURS AND TYPEFACES TO IDENTIFY THE PRODUCT AND THAT SHOUT...

"BATHTIME"

NEW... FUN... EXCITING... DANGEROUS. THESE ARE THE IDEA SEEDS WE NEET TO SEW IN BOGLEBY'S MIND

HERE ARE MY RECOMMENDATIONS

FLIP!

FIRST... HOT AIR BALLOON SPONSORSHIP. BUDGET... FOUR THOUSAND MINIMUM... TARGET AUDIENCE... BOGLEBY!

BATHTIME IS FUNTIME, BOGLEBY

FLIP!

NEXT... FORMULA ONE SPONSORSHIP. BUDGET... TWO POINT FIVE MILLION POUNDS. TARGET AUDIENCE... BOGLEBY!

BATHTIME

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP THERE, DICKIE, I'VE GOT TO TAKE BOGLEBY UP FOR HIS BATH NOW

HURRY UP, MUMMY

HUNH?

I DON'T THINK I'LL BE GOING AHEAD WITH YOUR CAMPAIGN, DICKIE

BUT... HOW DID YOU DO IT?.. HOW DID YOU WIN HIM OVER?

SIMPLE! I GAVE THE ACCOUNT TO THE CREATIVE TEAM FROM BDP. DPS BARTLE HEGARTY NEEDHAM FROM NEXT DOOR

HI, DICKIE!

OH!

YOU SEE, THEY OFFERED A FULL CLIENT PACKAGE. THEIR SERIES OF NATIONAL INDEPENDANT RADIO ADS AND FORTY SHEET BILLBOARD POSTERS TARGETED BOGLEBY

...HE CAN'T STOP SINGING THEIR BRILLIANTLY CATCHY JINGLE

BATHTIME IS LAUGHTIME, A RUB-A-DUB, RUB-A-DUB, SPLASHTIME

"PRESENTE"
LES ADVENTURES DE
FELIX
et son
EUROPANTS INCREDIBLES

BONJOUR, READERS! I'M OFF TO FRANCE FOR AN AMAZING EUROTROLLEY HOLIDAY!
FRANCE

—AND I'M GOING TO GET THERE THROUGH THE NEW CHANNEL TUNNEL!
CHANNEL TUNNEL PAY HERE

ONE TICKET FOR FRANCE, PLEASE.
SORRY, FELIX. YOU CAN'T COME THROUGH THE TUNNEL DRESSED LIKE THAT.
CHANNEL TUNNEL PAY HERE

IT'S FOR SECURITY REASONS. YOUR CHEAP NYLON SHREDDIES CONSTITUTE A FIRE HAZARD YOU SEE.
NOTICE
NO CAMERAS
NO FIREARMS
NO ANIMALS
NO EXPLOSIVES
NO NYLON UNDERPANTS
BY ORDER.
BR

BAH! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND MY HOLIDAY RIGHT HERE — IN THE CAR PARK!
CAR PARK
READER'S VOICE
FRANKLY, THAT SOUNDS SOMEWHAT PREFERABLE TO FRANCE.

OH NO! IN A MILLION TO ONE SCENARIO A RABID FRENCH DOG HAS RUN THROUGH THE TUNNEL!
BR

BAH! THIS STANDARD ISSUE BRITISH RAIL RABID DOG NET IS FRANKLY INADEQUATE. I'LL NEVER CATCH IT.

STAND BACK! I'LL LURE THE DOG INTO THE INVERTED 'Y' SHAPED GENITAL ACCESS HATCH IN MY TROLLEYS USING A TEMPTING TRAIL OF DOG BISCUITS.

THERE! IT'S WORKING A TREAT.

CRUMBS! IT OCCURS TO ME THAT ONCE INSIDE MY UNDERPANTS THE DOG'S BISCUIT SUPPLY WILL BECOME EXHAUSTED AND HE WILL SEEK ALTERNATIVE SOURCES OF NOURISHMENT...

CNASH!!
OOYAH! ME PODS!

OH NO! MY CODS HAVE BEEN CHEWED TO FUCK BY A RABID DOG!
PARDON MONSIEUR FELIX. MY DOG, SHE IS NOT — 'OW YOU SAY— RABID...

SHE 'AS EATEN ZE SOAP. WE DO NOT 'AVE IT IN FRANCE YOU KNOW. SHE THOUGHT IT WAS CHEESE.
PHEWF! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

MEANWHILE...
OU ET MON BICYCLETTE? ZUT ALORS! OH, MON AMI. QUELLE DISASTER!
LISTEN MATE, IF YOU LOSE YOUR BIKE ON THE TRAIN IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH ME. I JUST WORK HERE, AND I'M ON ME LUNCH. SO **FUCK OFF.**
BR
CHANNEL TUNNEL

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
JE SUIS UNE TRADITIONAL ONION VENDOR. I WAS ON MY WAY TO ENGLAND TO SELL OVERPRICED, MOULDY ONIONS, DOOR TO DOOR. BUT YOUR BRITISH RAIL, SHE HAS LOST MY BIKE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. BRITISH RAIL LOSING SOMETHING. AND THEN NOT GIVING A TOSS WHEN YOU COMPLAIN.
MAIS OUI.

SURELY THAT IS NOT THE EFFICIENT AND CARING BRITISH RAIL THAT WE HAVE COME TO KNOW AND LOVE THROUGHOUT THE YEARS, EH READERS?
HMM...

<D/GM/ST/SD/ LEN STENGEL VIZ 66

DON'T WORRY, MY FRENCH FRIEND. YOU CAN STILL SELL YOUR ONIONS... USING MY UNDERPANTS AS A BIKE!
C'EST MAGNIFIQUE!

ONIONS! ONIONS! GET YOUR LOVELY ONIONS!
I'M NOT SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, MONSIEUR FELIX!

LATER...
HELLO! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM LADS?

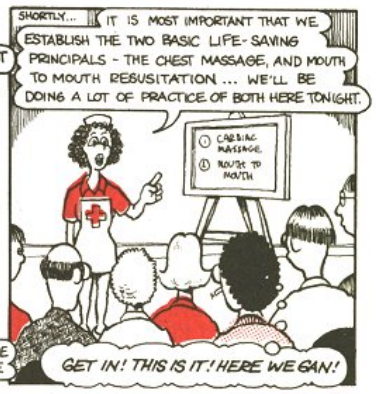
THAT BASTARD WON'T LET US ON HIS TRAIN SIMPLY BECAUSE WE'RE FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS TANKED UP ON BOOZE AND SPOILING FOR A PUNCH UP WITH THE FRENCH.
CHANNEL TUNNEL PAY
HMM...

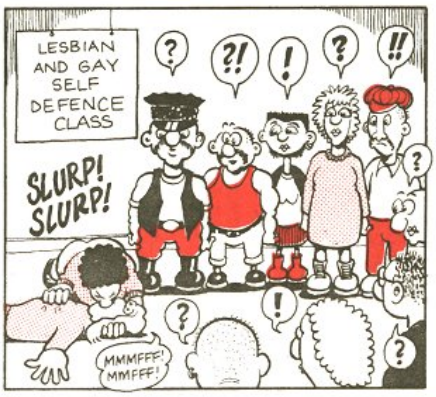
I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP!
YEAH?

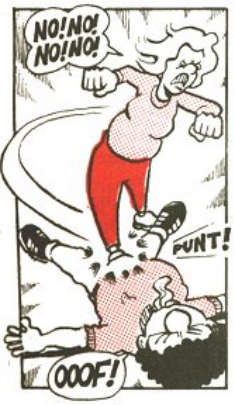
WELL, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING IN THE REGULATIONS AGAINST IT. SO... YES! I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD BE OKAY.
CHANNEL TUNNEL PAY HER

CHOO CHOO! HERE COMES THE EUROPANT EXPRESS!
YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR FUCKIN' TETS KICKED IN!
YOU'RE GOING HOME IN A FUCKIN' AMBULANCE!
ING-GER-LUND!
VELCOME AU FRANCE
HOORAY FOR FELIX AND HIS AMAZING BRITISH UNDERPANTS!
Le Finis
READER'S VOICE

THE SID SEXIST







PULLING THE BIRDS IS A

Getting the girl is 'e if you're a New Ma

There was a time not so long ago when all you had to do to impress the girls was buy them a drink or a box of chocolates. And wham bam thankyou mam, you were in kipper land up to your apricots.

Twenty years ago George Best only had to stagger into a nightclub and punch someone in the face and hey presto! Half a dozen Miss World's were queuing up for a shag.

TIMES

But times have changed. The nineties have seen the emergence of a new type of woman who believes in sexual equality.

MIRROR

But don't worry fellas. Getting your end away in the nineties is every bit as easy as it used to be, providing you play your cards right. The trick is to be a 'New Man'. Take Ben Elton for example. Instead of drinking ten pints of beer, fitting a Colonel Bogie horn to his Ford Capri and doing wheelspins in the pub car park at closing time, he impresses the birds by pretending they're his equal, ridiculing sexism, and telling jokes about periods.

SIGNAL

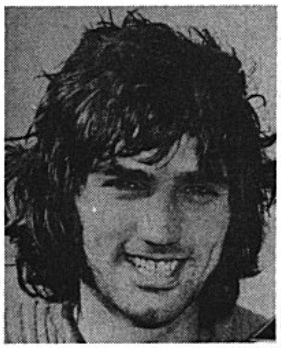
Richard Gere hit the jackpot too, pulling one of the world's classiest bits of skirt without a single flashy sports car or motorbike anywhere in sight. He wooed sexy supermodel Cindy Crawford by whinging on about Tibet, turning into a Buddhist and campaigning for AIDS.

MANOUVRE

Have *you* got what it takes to be a New Man? Could you pretend to treat women as your equal in order to have a shot on their fitbin? Well here's a simple test to see whether you've got what it takes. All you have to do is answer each question either A, B or C. When you've answered all the questions, tot up your total to see how you'd get on with the liberated women of today.

1. You're in a high brow bookshop looking through lots of books with no pictures in them when you spot a really classy bit of fluff about to leave the shop carrying a book and struggling to open the door. What would you do?

(a). Hold the door open for her, look down her blouse and then slap her on the bum as she leaves.



Bloke Best (above) bird Cindy (right).

(b). Hold the door open and smile, trying not to look at her tits.

(c). Let her open the door herself while you look at the book she's carrying, then tell her how much you admire the author and ask whether she's read any of their other books.

2. You're walking through the park when you see two gorgeous looking birds sitting on a bench. Nearby some schoolboys are playing football and their ball lands at your feet. What would you do?

(a). Dribble the ball past half a dozen 8 year olds, just like Ryan Giggs. Kick and stamp on a few of them, just like Eric Cantona. Then unleash a blistering 25 yard shot that sails between the coats (which are being used as goalposts) before running in slow motion towards the women, your arms held aloft, attempting under your breath to impersonate the sound of a 40,000 capacity crowd shouting 'Yeah!'

(b). Pick the ball up and walk towards the kids until you're close enough to kick the ball back to them without risk of missing, falling over or otherwise embarrassing yourself.

(c). Pick the ball up, walk towards the kids, and tell them that whilst you appreciate the value of team participation, you really don't approve of the concept of competitive male dominated sports, making sure you say it loud enough for the women to hear.

3. Your girlfriend says she's hungry and fancies a meal. Where would you take her?

(a). To McDonald's for a value packed brown paper nosebag full of McBurgers, McChips and any other shit they'll throw in for a fiver.

(b). To a classy Chinese restaurant where you can spend the evening entertaining her by playing with your chop sticks, doing racist Chinese waiter impressions and making endless jokes about 'flied lice'.

(c). Take her back to your place to show how domesticated you are, and impress her by undoing your tie then whipping up a five course meal in ten minutes, with no chips. Then offer to help her do the dishes afterwards.

4. You're spending a cosy night in with a date. You've got plenty of beer in, and you've ordered some pizzas. What would you watch on the telly?

(a). The live football on Sky, followed by the highlights on BBC1. Then at midnight catch the free 15 minutes of porn on the Adult Channel before they scramble it, before turning back to Sky to watch the whole match again at 12.30am.

(b). Flick around to see if there's any good movies on. Preferably something with a bit of sex in it.

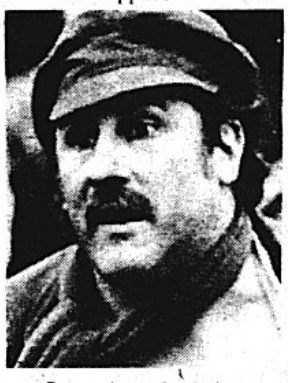
(c). Watch Newsnight on BBC2, tutting every time a Tory is mentioned, before sitting through 'The Late Show', nodding and pretending to know what the fuck those pretentious high brow tarts are prattling on about.

5. If a bird agreed to go to the pictures with you, what would you take her to see?

(a). The latest hi-tec action adventure blockbuster starring Jean-Claude Van Damme

(b). A saucy late night skin flick at the local members only flee pit and fire trap, starring Chesty Morgan

(c). Some French shit or other with sub-titles at the local heavily subsidised 'art house' cinema, starring Gerald Deppadew



Deepardew – the thinking birds bit of rough.

6. You decide to buy a new car in order to impress the tooty. What sort of motor would you choose?

(a). A flashy gold Opel Manta GTE with fancy body graphics, flared wheel arches, a furry steering wheel cover and a 35 foot CB aerial on top.

(b). An old hand-painted Transit van with flames on the side, outsized back wheels, disco speakers and a mattress chucked in the back.

(c). Any small and economical car, with a catalytic converter of course, preferably something French, like a Renault or Citröen perhaps.

7. You are planning a holiday with a girlfriend. Where would you take her?

(a). To a ritzy resort in the South of France where you can spend your days supping lager and watching bare breasts bouncing up and down on the beach, and your nights wanking furiously in the bathroom trying, through and alcoholic haze, to summon the memory of a particularly big pair, while your bird falls asleep in the bedroom

(b). Treat her to a luxury cruise for a fortnight to give her a break from the cooking and washing-up that she has to do for the other 50 weeks of the year.

(c). Fly to Peru then travel overland to Nicaragua to witness for yourself the suffering of the indigenous peoples, sending all your friends re-cycled postcards, and arriving back at Heathrow six months later with half a pound of cannabis up your arse.

8. You are in a long term relationship with your bird and one day she turns round and says she wants to get a job. What would you do?

(a). Slap her, and tell her no bird of yours goes out to work. You wear the trousers in your house, and that's the end of the matter.

(b). Sit her down and tell her 'That's fine. As long as my dinner's on the table when I come home. And besides, the extra money will come in quite handy.'

(c). Show your support by packing your job in, going out and buying a pink pinafore and becoming a house husband. Then, while she's at work, sit around watching 14 hours of Australian soaps every day, start sipping the cooking sherry, and discussing the merits of various soap powders and instant coffee brands with your next door neighbour.

9. One evening it gets to 8 o'clock and your missus still hasn't come home from work. How would you react?

(a). Sit alone, drinking heavily, convincing yourself of a highly unlikely scenario in which she is having sex with her boss, and laughing about you. Then raise the roof and slap her about when she gets home, not giving her a chance to explain where she has actually been.

(b). Wait till she comes in and then demand an explanation. Listen suspiciously to what she has to say, then go into a sulk, asking occasional trick questions in an attempt to trip her up over any petty detail or inconsistency in her story.

'PC' OF CAKE!

y PC'

(c). Don't even ask why she is late. She's an individual, and it's none of your business where she's been. Or who's been shagging her. If she wants to have an 'open' relationship, then that's fine. After all, you'll be able to go out and shag birds as well. So, hey! There's no need to lay this heavy jealousy scene on her. It's her body. You don't own it.

10. Your bird invites you to a party being thrown by a friend of hers, but when you get there it turns out the host is a pinch of snuff. How would you react?

(a). Storm out immediately, shouting incoherent homophobic abuse, then go down the pub for a few beers, returning later with your mates to put his windows through.

(b). Try to be polite to the host, but pretend to be ill so that you can leave as quickly as possible, keeping your back to the wall, and under no circumstances coming into contact with his lavatory seat.

(c). Stay all evening, talking to him as if he was normal, but avoiding subjects like football, boxing and girls.

11. You've taken a smashing bird out for a few drinks. It's been a lovely evening, and at 11.30 you find yourself leaning on her in the queue for the fish and chip shop. You were a little bit dizzy, but you've just thrown up, and you're feeling fine again. Suddenly you spot someone else in the queue looking at your bird. What do you do?

(a). Stick your forehead as close to his forehead as you can, stare into his eyes aggressively and ask him whether he was looking at your bird.

(b). Ask no questions. Simply launch into an uncoordinated and frenzied attack, accompanied by a barrage of half-formed obscenities, until such time as other customers restrain you with cries of 'Leave it', 'It's not worth it' and 'It's just the beer talking'.

(c). Tell him, using as many big words as possible, that it's sexist to look at another bloke's bird, and demand an apology. Or you'll lamp him.

Bingo! Ben gets his bird proving that 'PC' pays

12. You've scored with a classy, high brow piece of skirt. You've been invited back to her place, and bingo! You've got the green light. Next thing you know you're both bollock naked in the bedroom. How do you proceed?

(a). Give her a right good three minute scuttling from behind before wiping your cock on the duvet and catching the last bus home.

(b). Give her a right good three minute scuttling from behind, then try to stay awake long enough for a cuddle and a quick fag before you nod off.

(c). Sex should be a beautiful, mutually satisfying, shared experience. So first of all you've got to feel her tits and her 'G' strings for several hours (Sting recommends at least five) until she has multiple organisms. Then give her a right good three minute scuttling from behind, as previously.

How 'New' are you?

Award yourself 1 point for each answer (a), one point for a (b), and two points for each (c). Then tot up your total and see how PC you could be.

24 points: Well done. You're obviously a sensitive, thoughtful, caring individual. You treat everyone – both male and female – as individuals, and you enter into relationships with honesty, maturity and respect for your partner. Birds will go bonkers for a bloke like you, so get straight down to the nearest University Student Union and *fill your boots!*

18 to 23 points: Not bad. But you're still having trouble coming to terms with women as individuals, and not as objects. And you labour under the false impression that women can be impressed by macho behaviour and the show of aggression. Unless you change your way of thinking the high class talent will continue to pass you by. But don't worry. If you lower your sights a bit some old slapper's bound to give you a shag.

12 to 17 points: A poor score. To put it bluntly, you're a male chauvinist pig. You think that women exist merely to serve and to satisfy you. You are shallow, and feel intimidated by any woman who fails to fulfil that subservient role. You'll never get to shag the real dollies at that rate. You'll end up hitched to some ugly boiler.

11 or less: Either you can't add up, or you've missed out at least one question. Go back to the beginning and try again.

Are the TV PC's PC?

How do the TV PC's pull their crumpet? How do television's bobbies on the beat go about bagging a bird?

P.C. Nick Berry, alias actor Simon Wicksy, star of TV's Yorkshire police vet drama 'Heartbeat', confirmed that there wasn't many birds going spare in nineteen sixties rural Yorkshire. "Some nights I end up Heart**beating** my meat, if you know what I mean". But Simon believes one thing gives him the edge over other horny TV cops. "Singing my own them tune in a nancy voice impresses the birds no end", he told us. "They always go for the puffy pop star pin-up type like me. And besides, there's not a great deal of competition in 'Heartbeat'. Birds have only got three bobbies to choose between. Me, Selwyn Froggit and Mr Derek out of Basil Brush, who looks about 90 now."

TV's Inspector Regan (left) alias actor Jack Thaw (above)

TV's beer swilling **Inspector Morse**, alias actor John Thaw, relies on a combination of flashiness and sophistication to get his leg over in Oxford, a town bursting at the seems with high class muff. "It's a bit of a cliche, but the big red Mark II Jag is a regular fanny magnet", he told us. However Morse finds that the more sophisticated crumpet – often the ones who perform better in the sack – aren't so easily impressed. "That's why I always talk like I've swallowed a dictionary, and go to opera and stuff. That's for the benefit of the top notch birds, and I've pulled a few of them, I can tell you."

Competition for toosh on the set of one BBC police drama is pretty hot at times, with two top TV detectives battling for birds. For moody tough guy Tyneside detective **Spender**, former TV bricky Oz, alias Geordie actor Freddie Nail, faces fierce competition from former Scarborough beat bobby **P.C. Penrose**, alias TV's 'Rosie', Nail's grey haired senior officer. Viewers might expect Nail to put his hard man image to good use when it comes to tapping the lasses. But former fifteen pints a fight man Freddie, now a respected writer and director, finds that the tricks he learnt as a child are still the most effective. "Showing off never fails," he boasted. "After a busy day of filming on the streets of Newcastle I love to get my bike out of the shed and ride up and down our street doing 'no hands'. If that doesn't impress the girls, I do a few 'wheelies', then skid to a halt right in front of them."

Freddie has found that another trick which never fails is Sellotaping a lolly stick to the front forks. "When the wheel turns the lolly stick hits the spokes and makes a noise just like a motorbike", said Fred yesterday.

Another hard drinking hard man cop is TV's **Inspector Jack Regan**, alias actor John Thaw, start of hit seventies cop show The Sweeney. John doesn't have much time for political correctness. "I'm a member of the old school. If I want a bird I just kick the door down, shout 'Sweeney', call everyone a bastard, then go down the rub-a-dub and pick up the first slapper I see, give her a good old cattle truck, and then piss off first thing in the morning after growing three days stubble overnight which I shave off while pouring myself a mug of whisky."

What Price Fame?

The recent tragic deaths of a number of top celebrities have left famous people all over Britain – and indeed the world – wondering whether it is worth carrying on.

Stars fear for lives as death toll rises

For today's highly paid celebrity's death is an occupational hazard. Like being invited on chat shows, it's something which they accept as part and parcel of their job. Of course none of them believe that they will be the next to slump dead on stage, drown in their pool or be rushed to hospital with a fatal stroke. But the dangers of dying are inherent in the job.

But what exactly is death, and why does it affect so many of Britain's best loved celebrities? TV's two timing heart throb romeo rat Doctor Hilary Jones explains.

"Death is a medical term, meaning the extinction of life. When somebody dies, then they are no longer alive. But no-one knows why this condition strikes so frequently at out best loved entertainers, politicians, sportsmen and other stars. It's a situation which continues to baffle the medical world."

The recent escalation in tragic celebrity deaths have led to questions being asked about whether anything could be done to prevent stars from paying the ultimate price for their fame. Measures such as air bags have been put forward as possible solutions, but there are enormous technical problems still to be overcome.

"In cases such as heart attacks I find it hard to see how an air bag could save a celebrity's life," said the adulterous love cheat TV medic.

However a BBC spokesman yesterday told us that everything possible was already being done to ensure the longevity of famous people. "With all due respect stars know the risks they are taking when they go into showbusiness. Entertainers, politicians and athletes are highly paid men and women at the very peak of their profession. Of course there are dangers, and nobody enjoys opening their paper and learning of the tragic loss of a celebrity. But when these things happen, we have to come to terms with them. And at the end of the day, life must go on."

TRIBUTES

Tributes were today still flooding in for the stars who have died over the last 25 years. One living celebrity we spoke to fought back tears as he told us, "All the famous people who have ever died will all be sorely missed, their unique talents will be irreplaceable, and it is unlikely that we will ever see their like again".

GENITAL HORTICULTURE

Pubic Topiary

EXCITING ADULT GARDENING PLEASURE

Full instructions for beginners

Trim your Quim into

- *Cones*
- *Balls*
- *Cockerells*
- *Peacocks*

Trains, boats etc. for the more adventurous

Easy...Safe...
Sexually exciting

For further details, write to
PubeTope Genital Nurseries, Sleaford, Lincs.

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

NEW! **from Japan**

BONSAI COCKS

1/4" long

Direct from the land of the rising sun, dainty oriental penis culture. Easy to grow novelty bonsai cocks, perfect in every detail with bell end & hog's eye. Though small, easily aroused. Ideal for the man with limited gusset space.

VAGRANCY INTEREST

IT'S A SMASHING DAY OUT FOR THE VAGRANT FAMILY!

there's SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE AT

TRAMPORAMA

(Formerly SIMPKIN'S VAGRANCY WORLD)

Everything for the weekend vagrant... A huge range of clothing... sump oil, balaclavas, all-weather Presto bag galoshes, trousers shortened while you wait, thermal newspaper underclothing for him'n'her, rope belts etc. Also brown paper bag decanters (to fit any size of large plastic cider bottle) exciting range of urine aftershaves, beard food, ideal cardboard box exhibition, burnt out car forecourt Cup of tea 10p, exclusive Bag Lady salon - hair tangling by Maurice. Fight yourself lessons by arrangement.

Wide range of gourmet tramp cuisine available in the 'Harry Ramp' bin-rifling restaurant.

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

VISA

WE ARE HERE

TRAMPORAMA Only a several hour stagger from the main road.

STUDENT GRANT

DID YOU HEAR HIM? HE COULDN'T EVEN SPEAK HIS OWN FACKING LANGUAGE. AND I SHOULD KNOW. I GOT A 'C' IN FRENCH.

...AND 'B'S IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND GEOGRAPHY.

I GOT CSE GRADE ONE IN MATHS, WHICH IS THE SAME AS A 'C' IN GCE, AND TWO 'D'S AND AN 'F' AT 'A' LEVEL.

SHORTLY...

THERE WAS MONEY IN THAT PARCEL. THE BARSTADS HAVE PROBABLY STOLE IT.

WE'LL PWOBABWY HAVE TO GET JOBS NOW.

HEY, YEH. LET'S GO TO PROVENCE LIKE INSPECTOR MORSE. WE CAN TREAD GRAPES ALL DAY, THEN SIT UNDER A TREE SMOKING GITANES, PLAY THE GUITAR AND EAT LONG THIN BREAD AND RUNNY CHEESE.

LATER...

LOOK CRISP. HERE'S A FARMHOUSE. WE'LL FIND LA FERMIER. LEAVE THE TALKING TO MOI.

FRAP! FRAP!

OUAAAAAAI?

AHEM... MERCY POUR VOUS OUVRER LA PORTE MON AMI.

GOSH GWAARNT. THAT'S IMPWESSIVE.

MAINTENANT, ECOUTER ICI. NOUS SOMMES... ERM... CHERCHER... ...ING... LE TRAVAIL DE FARM.. ERM... TRAMPLER LES... GRAPES... ERM... POUR... ERM..

... S'ASSEYEZ-VOUS SOUS LE TREE... ERM... FUMER LES.. ERM... GITANES... JOUER AU GUITAR... MANGER LES PAIN AVEC FROMAGE... ER... COURIR... ERM

...ERM... ERM... ERM... ERM... ERM... ERM... ERM...

AH. VOUS ÊTES ANGLAIS, NON? HA-HA! HA-HA!

AND...

EEC PIGSHIT MOUNTAIN

ISN'T THIS GWEAT. WORKING ON A FARM IN FWANCE. THE WOMANCE OF IT.

HMM. I'D RATHER BE TREADING GRAPES ACTUALLY.

STILL, ONLY ANOTHER FIVE WEEKS TILL WE GET PAID.

...THEN WE CAN START BACK HOME AND TELL EVERYBODY WHAT A GREAT TIME WE HAD.

FIVE WEEKS LATER...

WOOK GWAARNT. IT'S MONSIEUR PERMIER LE FERMIER. GWEAT! HE'LL BE BWINGING OUR WAGES.

LEAVE THE TALKING TO ME.

BONSOIR MON AMOUR. VOIR HERE... ERM... COMBIEN DE L'AGENT VOUS DONNEZ NOUS POUR LE TRAVAILLER AVEC LE MER DE COCHONS?

...HUIT CENTIMES, CONS FACILES À DUPER ANGLAIS, HA-HA-HA.

BONANZA-ROLA! THAT'S EIGHT THOUSAND FRANCS!

WE'RE WICH!

TINKLE

GOSH CRISPIN. TO THINK THAT'S NEARLY A THOUSAND POUNDS!
ARE WE GOING TO GO HOME NOW GWAAARNT?
ERM... BONJOUR. JE CHERCHE UNE GRANGE RUSTIQUE, COMME L'INSPECTEUR MORSE. J'AI PLUS D'ARGENT QUE RAISON.
MA PORCHERIE EST À VENDRE.
C'EST PLEIN DE MERDE MAIS À QUARANTE CENTS MILLES MILLIONS LIVRES ANGLAISES, C'EST UN SNIP. HA-HA! HA-HA!
OH, DON'T BE SUCH A XENOPHOBE. YOU GO HOME IF YOU WANT YOU SQUARE. I'M GOING TO BUM AROUND EUROPE FOR A FEW WEEKS ACTUALLY... SPEND SOME OF THIS DOSH.
...I'LL PROBABLY GO TO AMSTERDAM AND SCORE A HASH OF WEEDS, THEN SMUGGLE IT INTO TURKEY - JUST FOR THE EXPERIENCE ACTUALLY.
HMMM.
WELL I'M NOT HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH DWUGS. AND NEITHER SHOULD YOU. I'M OFF.
SHORTLY, AT THE STATION...
OY. OO EST LE TRAIN POUR AMSTERDAM?
AH. C'EST QUAI TREIZE.
GREAT. PLATFORM THREE.
3
NON, MONSIEUR. TREIZE! TREIZE! TREIZE!
13
QUAI 3
I KNOW. I KNOW. I CAN SPEAK YOUR FACKING LANGUAGE YOU KNOW. I DO HAVE A 'C' AT O LEVEL.
JE PARLER FRANCAIS PERFECTLY BIEN, MERCI BOW-COW.
YAWN. I THINK I'LL HAVE QUATORZE WINKS.
PRAVDA SPORT
3
PHEE-EEP!
NON-STOP TRANS-SIBERIAN EXPRESS
CHERNOBYL, 2 WEEKS LATER...
FULCHESTER 41
ARE YOU GOING TO FULCHESTER? ANYWHERE NEAR THE UNIVERSITY WILL DO.
FULCHESTER. YES.
GOSH. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE ADVENTURES I'VE HAD.
YOU ENGLEESH, YES? PET SHOP BOYS.. LARRY GRAYSON..
YOU TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES
BACK AT UNIVERSITY...
HEY! IT'S GRAAAARNT!
CRITHPIN THATH YOU BUMMED ROUND EUROPE, GRAAAARNT.
ERM, YEH. YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.
DID YOU GET A SHAG, VEN?
ERM, SORT OF..
SIT DOWN VEN, AN' TELL US ALL ABOUT IT.
ERM... I THINK I'LL STAND ACTUALLY.

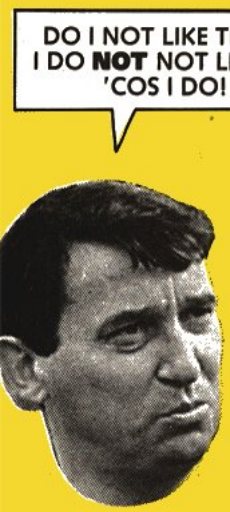
Sorry about England not qualifying for the World Cup finals in America this summer. But there's no need for English fans to miss out on the excitement, thanks to my fantastic insect football game, ***writes GRAHAM TAYLOR***.

I've specially designed this all action table-top insect football game to enable you to experience the action and thrills of football management for yourselves, as you attempt to steer your own team to victory in a miniature World Cup for woodlice. So switch off your TVs and forget about the USA. The real soccer action this summer will be happening on the table tops of Britain, as thousands of Viz readers use their managerial skills to steer their teams of woodlice to World Cup victory. Good luck to you all. And may the best team win!

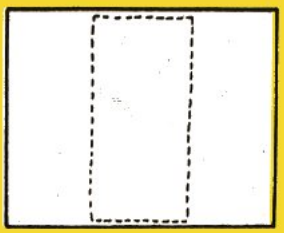
Fun for football fans and insects alike!

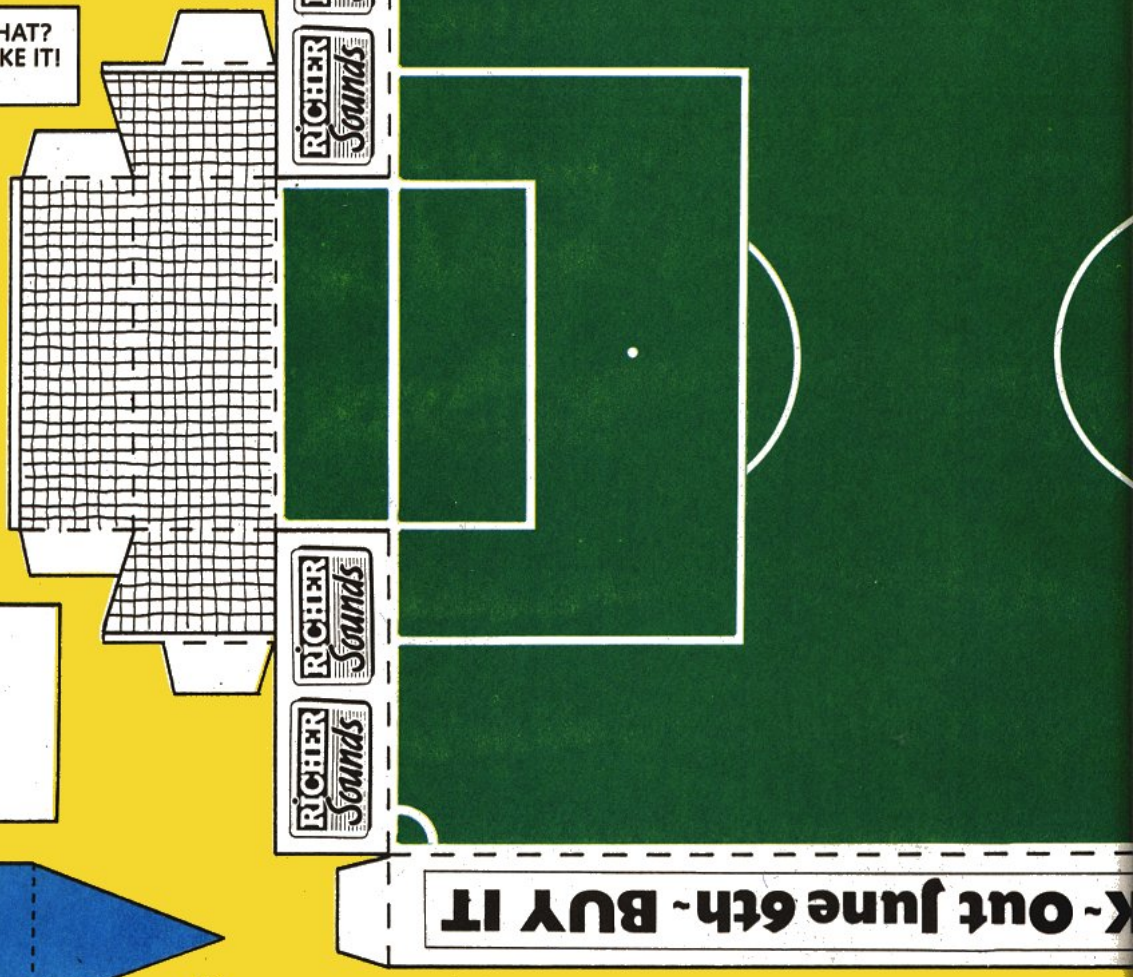
Woodlous

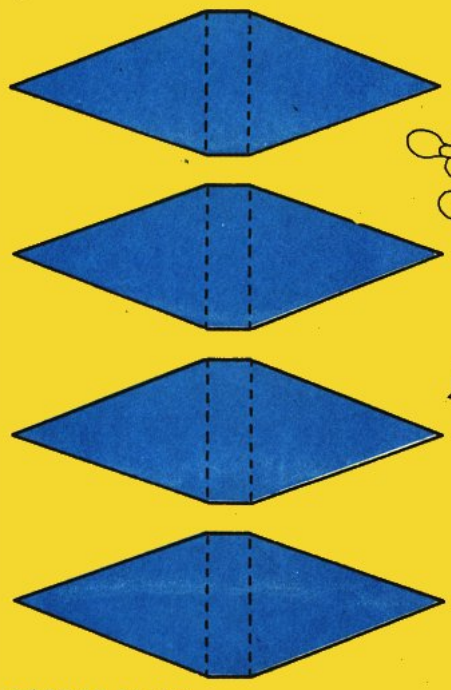
Miniature



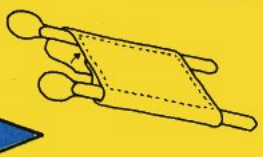
STRETCHER







CORNER FLAGS



World Cup preparations

Both managers select their players by placing a brick on the ground i a dark, damp part of the garden. The following day lift it up and pic your team from the squad of woodlice which have gathere underneath it. Then paint them in your team's colours using harmles nail varnish before placing them in a matchbox which will act as you team coach for transporting the players to and from the ground.

To assemble your Woodlice World Cup football pitch simply cut along the solid black lines and fold along dotted lines. Carefully erect th goals and advertising hoardings as shown. (It is important to correctl assemble the advertising hoardings as these will prevent your player from leaving the pitch during a game.) Assemble the corner flags b cutting out the coloured triangles and attaching them to cocktail stick as shown.

A mini stretcher for injured insects is also included, which can be cu out and assembled using two matchsticks. A candle placed at eac corner of the pitch will create instant 'mini floodlights' for use in nigh time matches.

Once the stadium has been assembled, all you need is a table tenn ball and you are ready to play Woodlice World Cup football.

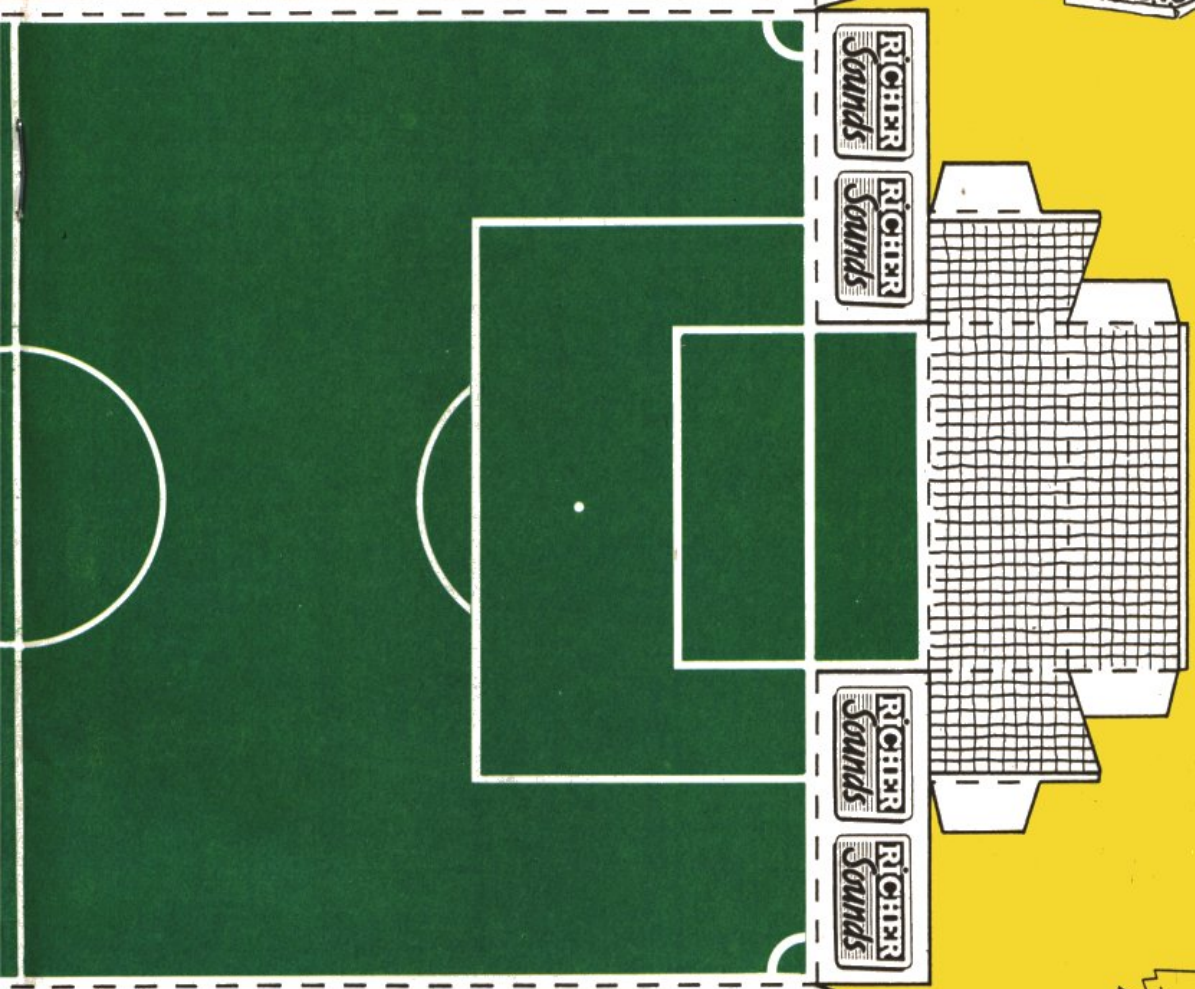
Taylor's

e World Cup

ootball Game

It's table-top 'ugly bug' football!

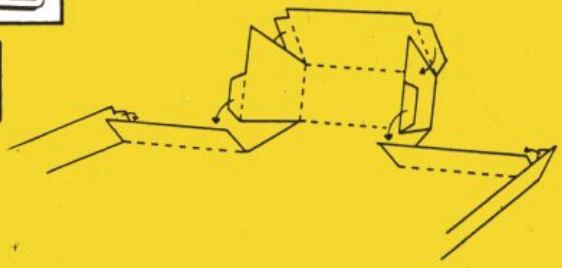
OOK - Out June 6th - BUY IT



Realistic woodlouse World Cup soccer action!

WORLD CUP

The VIZ BIG FAT SLAGS BOO



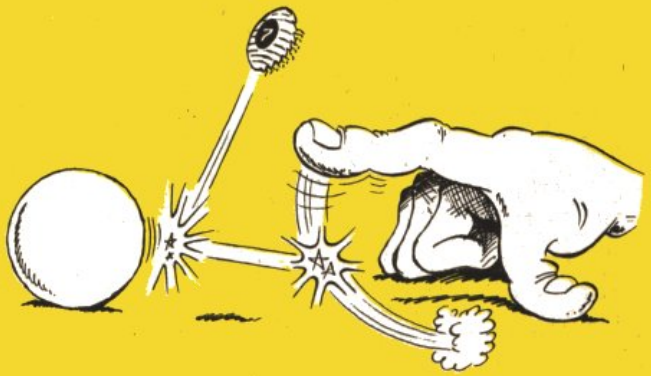
Here's how you play

Place your eleven chosen woodlice in your half of the pitch, leaving two substitutes sitting next to you. (Placing the substitutes upside down will prevent them from walking away.) Use an alarm clock to time the game (15 minutes each way) and toss a coin to decide who kicks off.

Kick the ball by flicking your woodlice at it. You will quickly develop finger tip ball control skills. Otherwise, the rules are exactly the same as real football. But remember, only your players may touch the ball. If you make contact with the ball using your finger, or if you blow or otherwise interfere with the ball, then a free kick or penalty is awarded to your opponent.

If a woodlouse becomes injured or crunched it may be replaced by one of your substitutes. You could also make the game more realistic by using a beetle as a referee, centipedes as linesmen, and ladybirds as half-time cheer leaders.

When the game is over, cut out the miniature insect World Cup trophy and present it to the winning team. Then clean the nail varnish off your players with acetone, and return them to the garden where no doubt they will tell their insect friends for years to come about the day they won the World Cup!



GILBERT RATCHET

WHOOPEE! WE'RE OFF ON A CAMPING HOLIDAY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

I ABSOLUTELY LOVE GOING ON HOLIDAY, READERS

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET, DAD?

WOULD ANYONE LIKE ANOTHER OPAL FRUIT?

MUM, I'M GOING TO BE SICK

SUDDENLY

OH NO! THE AIR VENTILATOR HAS JAMMED SHUT!

LAKE DISTRICT 60 MILES

WITH THE CAR'S OXYGEN SUPPLY CUT OFF, WE COULD ALL DIE OF ASPHYXIATION

SORRY, GILBERT, BUT WITH ANOTHER HOURS DRIVING BEFORE WE REACH THE LAKE DISTRICT, THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH OXYGEN LEFT IN THE CAR FOR YOUR MOTHER AND MYSELF

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK THE REST OF THE WAY

DON'T WORRY, SON. IT'S ONLY SIXTY MILES. WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE CAMP SITE.

LORRY

OH WELL. I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER START WALKING

A FEW MILES LATER

THE INSPECTOR IS RUNNING A SURPRISE HEIGHT CHECK ON ALL POLICEMEN

ANYONE FOUND TO BE TOO SHORT WILL BE DISMISSED FROM THE FORCE

I'M SURE TO FAIL THIS HEIGHT TEST, GILBERT

YOU SEE, AS A TRAFFIC COP IT IS MY JOB TO PEEK AT COUPLES PERFORMING SEXUAL ACTS IN THEIR CARS WHILST PARKED IN THE LAY-BY....

...CONSEQUENTLY, I MASTURBATE FRENZIEDLY SEVERAL TIMES A DAY, AND THIS HAS DRASTICALLY STUNTED MY GROWTH

I USED TO BE A STRAPPING SIX-FOOTER, AND NOW LOOK AT ME — THREE FOOT SIX, AND STILL SHRINKING

PERHAPS I CAN HELP, CONSTABLE

FIRST, I'LL SAW THE TOP AND BOTTOM BITS OFF YOUR HELMET...

...THEN I'LL STICK THEM TO EACH END OF THIS LENGTH OF BLACK PIPING

YOUR HEIGHT PROBLEM IS AS GOOD AS SOLVED

LET'S SEE -- AH! SIX FOOT TWO. A MOST SATISFACTORY HEIGHT, CONSTABLE

CARRY ON THE GOOD WORK

THANKS FOR GIVING ME A LIFT TO THE LAKE DISTRICT, CONSTABLE

IT'S THE LEAST I COULD DO, GILBERT

SHORTLY, AT THE CAMPSITE

GLAD YOU MADE IT, SON. WE'RE JUST HAVING A BITE TO EAT

SMASHING. I'M FAMISHED! WHERE'S MY PACKED LUNCH?

AH, YES. I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT, DUE TO THE LACK OF TOILET PAPER IN THE PORTAKABIN LOO, EVERYONE ON THE CAMP SITE HAS WIPED THEIR ARSE ON YOUR SANDWICHES, INSTEAD

WC

SO IF I WERE YOU, GILBERT, I'D GIVE THEM A QUICK RINSE UNDER THE TAP BEFORE EATING THEM

PERHAPS I WON'T BOTHER WITH LUNCH AFTER ALL

I'LL HAVE A NICE WALK IN THE HILLS INSTEAD

OH BLAST! NOT AGAIN

CLICK!

KODAK

HELLO - ISN'T THAT THE QUEEN MOTHER SUNBATHING TOPLESS BY THE LAKE?

YES, UNFORTUNATELY! I WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO HAVE SOME NICE HOLIDAY SNAPS OF THIS BEAUTIFUL LAKELAND COUNTRYSIDE...

..BUT EVERY TIME I TAKE A PHOTO, VARIOUS SEMI-NUDE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WANDER INTO SHOT, AND RUIN THE PICTURE

JUST LOOK AT THIS ONE I TOOK EARLIER! A GLORIOUS, PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WINDERMERE HILLS...

AND SLAP-BANG IN THE MIDDLE OF IT, THERE'S THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH HIS COCK HANGING OUT!

I'LL BUILD YOU A RAFT SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PICTURES FROM THE CENTRE OF THE LAKE

TOOLS

FROM THAT VANTAGE POINT YOU SHOULD BE SAFELY OUT OF RANGE OF ANY INTRUSIVE ARISTOCRATIC GENITALIA

BUT

YOU BLITHERING OAF! WHAT KIND OF RAFT DO YOU CALL THIS?

OOPS!

WE'RE SINKING RAPIDLY

HEY! CAN'T YOU READ? THERE'S A £100 FINE FOR SWIMMING HERE

NO SWIMMING £100 FINE

COUNCIL OFFICIAL.

OH NO! JUST OUR LUCK!

HOWEVER, I'VE JUST TAKEN LOTS OF DRUGS WHICH HAVE ADDLED MY BRAIN AND CAUSED ME TO GET THINGS MIXED UP

SO INSTEAD OF FINING YOU £100, I AM INADVERTANTLY GIVING YOU £100 INSTEAD

AND SO

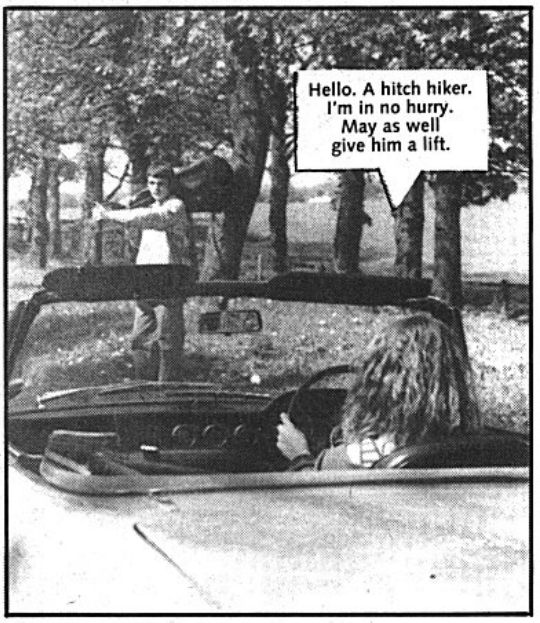
CHEERS, READERS

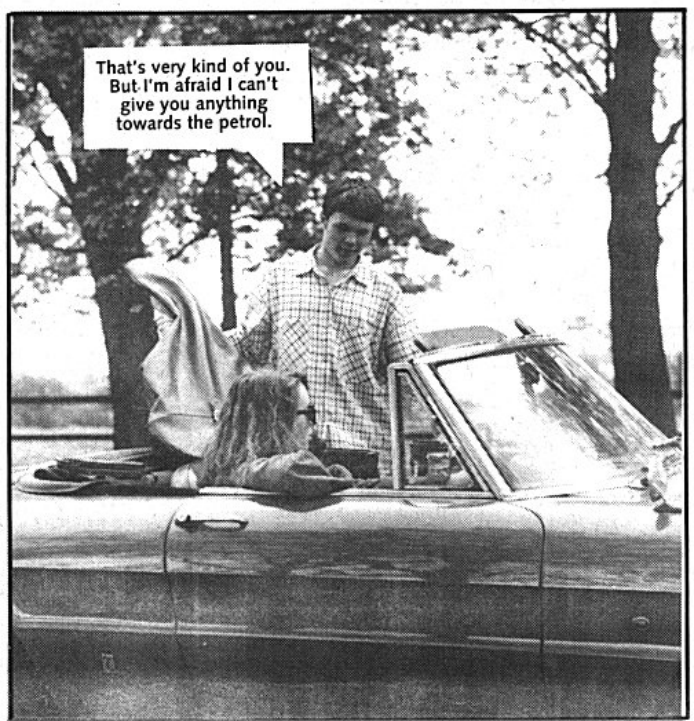
£100 WORTH OF FINES

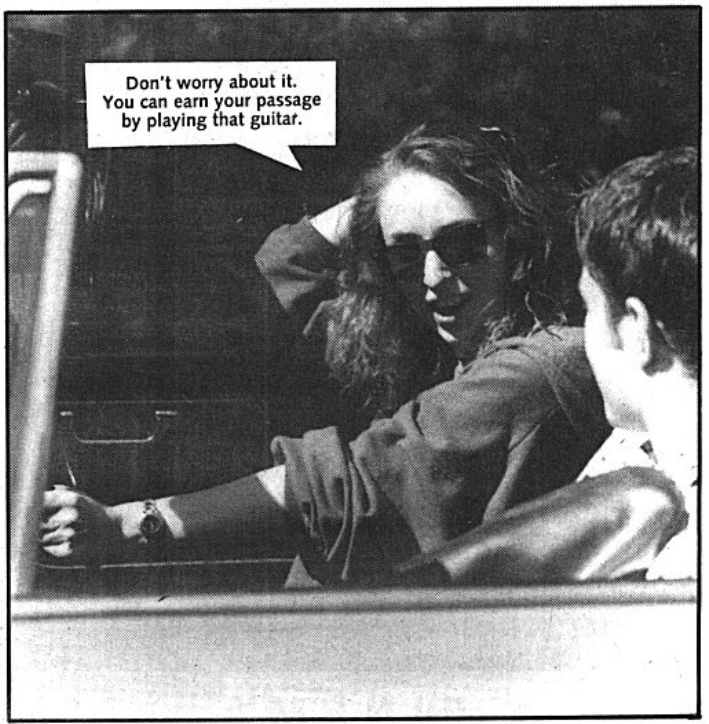
CAFE

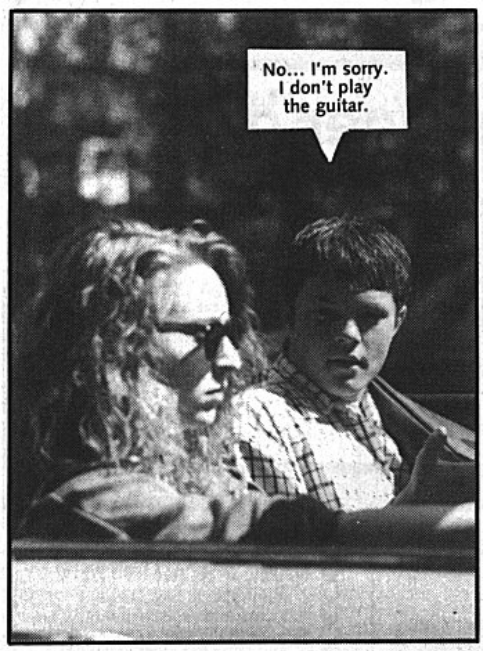
The Road to Nowhere

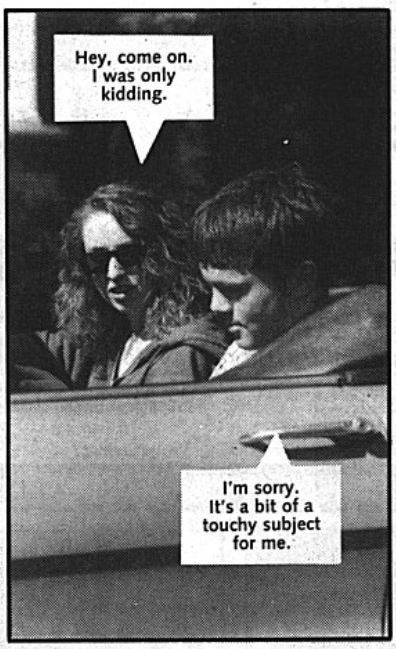
My story begins on a hot summer's day. A tall, dark, lonesome figure walks by the roadside, a guitar in his hand, but only emptiness in his heart. Where he comes from no-one knows. Where he is heading, only time will tell.

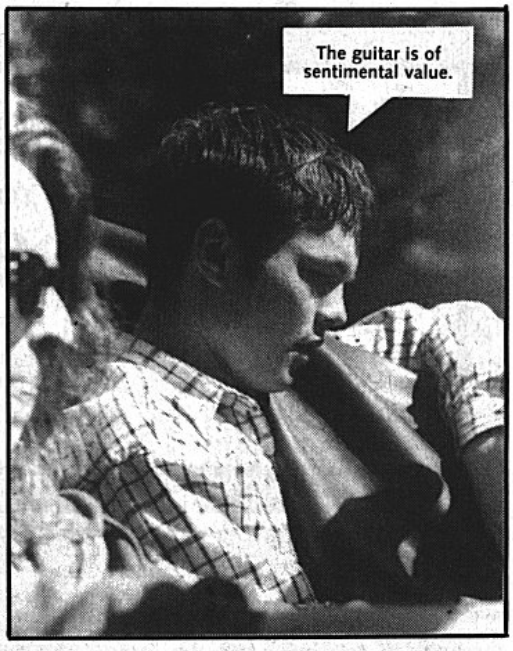


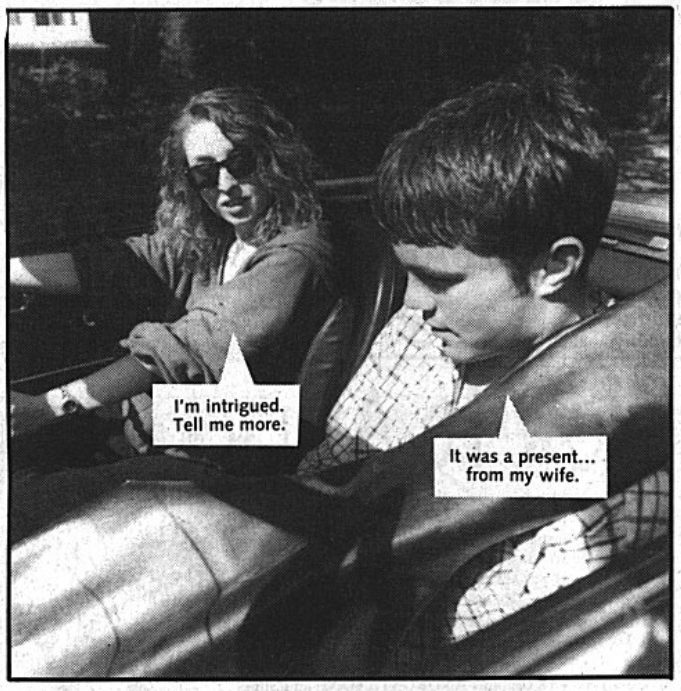


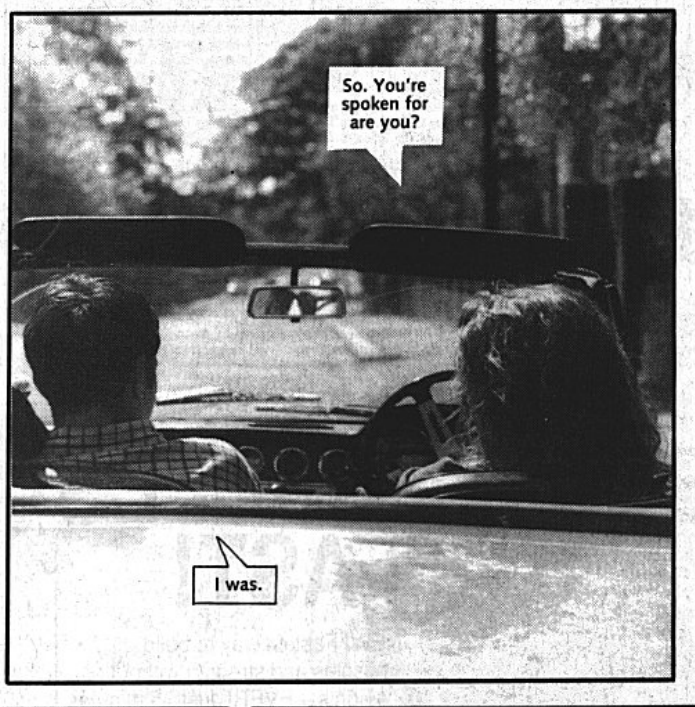


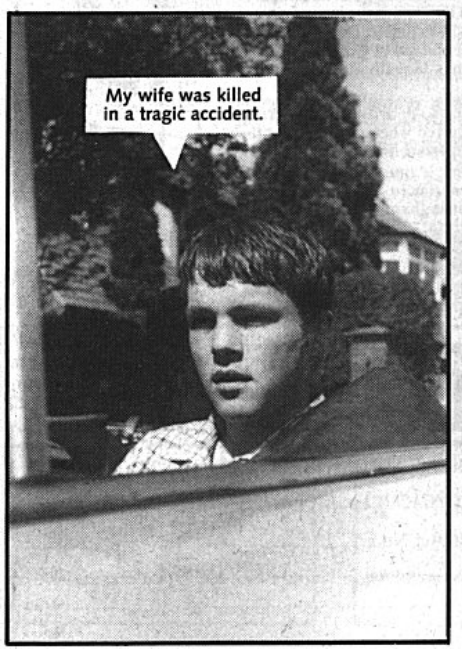

No... I'm sorry. I don't play the guitar.

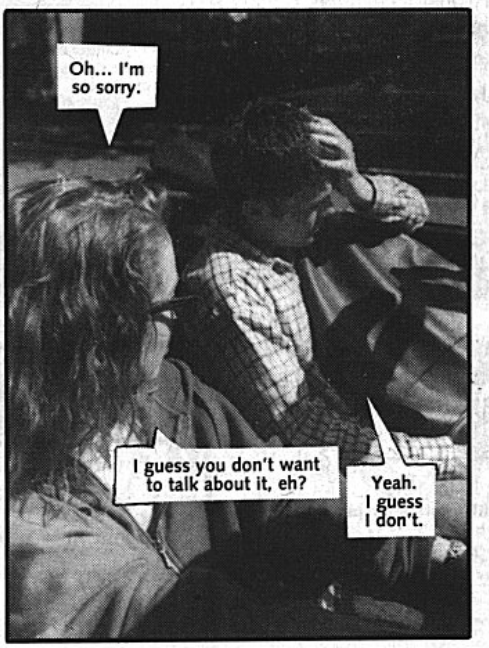

Hey, come on. I was only kidding.
I'm sorry. It's a bit of a touchy subject for me.

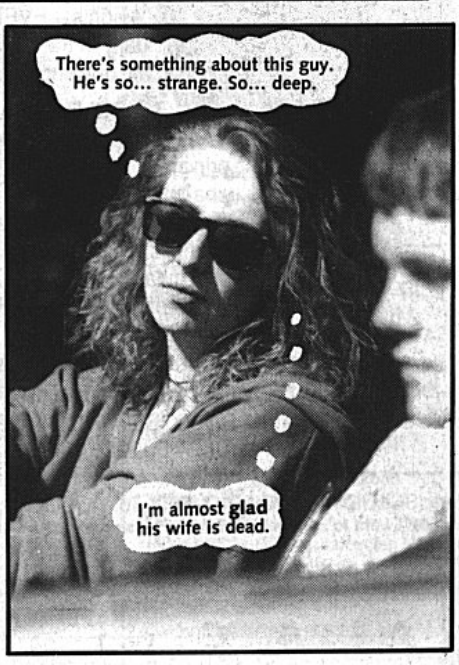

The guitar is of sentimental value.

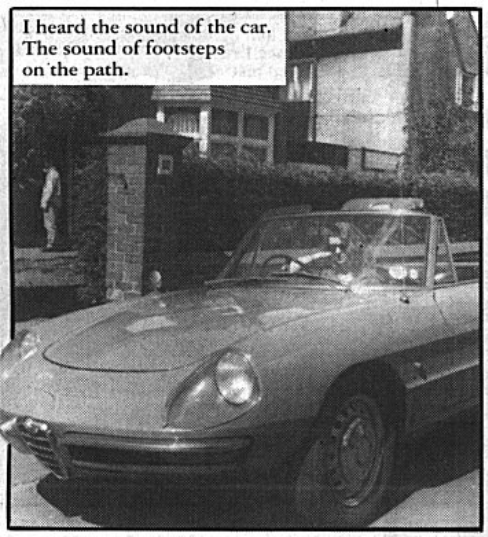

I'm intrigued. Tell me more.
It was a present... from my wife.

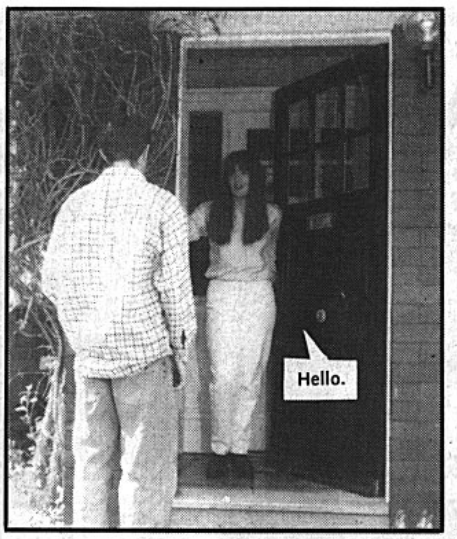

So. You're spoken for are you?
I was.


My wife was killed in a tragic accident.

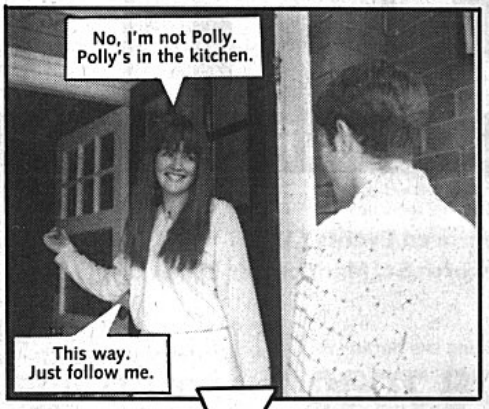

Oh... I'm so sorry.
I guess you don't want to talk about it, eh?
Yeah. I guess I don't.

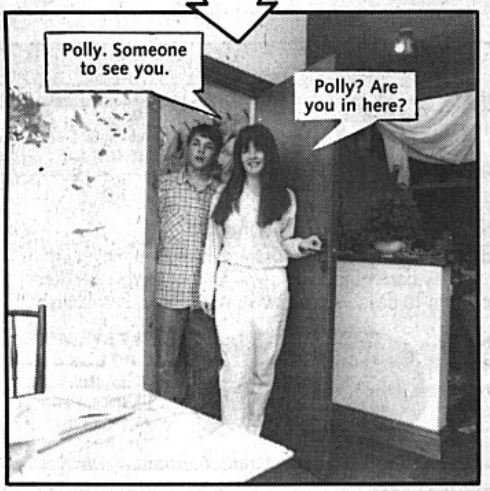

There's something about this guy. He's so... strange. So... deep.
I'm almost glad his wife is dead.


I heard the sound of the car. The sound of footsteps on the path.


Hello.

Polly! Is that you?
Why, you're even more beautiful than I'd imagined!


No, I'm not Polly. Polly's in the kitchen.
This way. Just follow me.

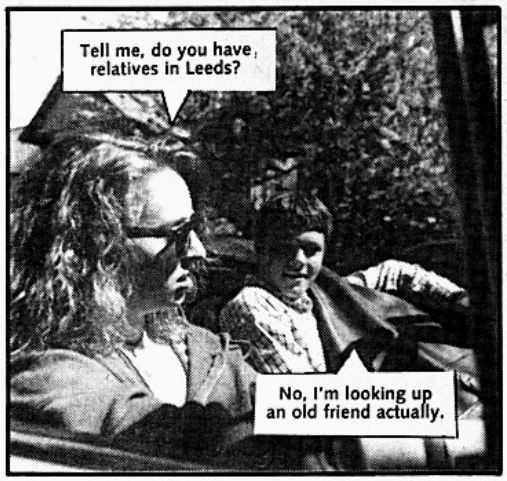

Polly. Someone to see you.
Polly? Are you in here?

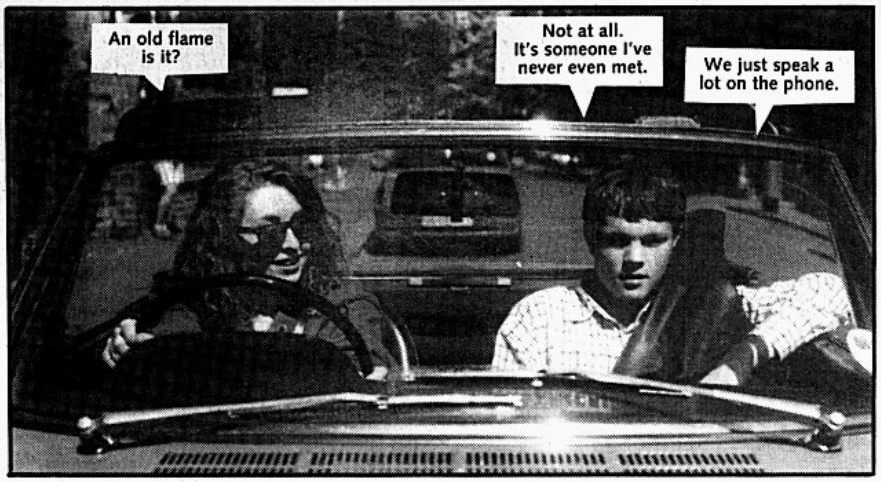
Polly!?
Yes. It's me. I'm a parrot.

I've been in love with you all this time... and you're a parrot. A mere parrot who has learnt to use the telephone.
I'm sorry. I guess it's over between us.

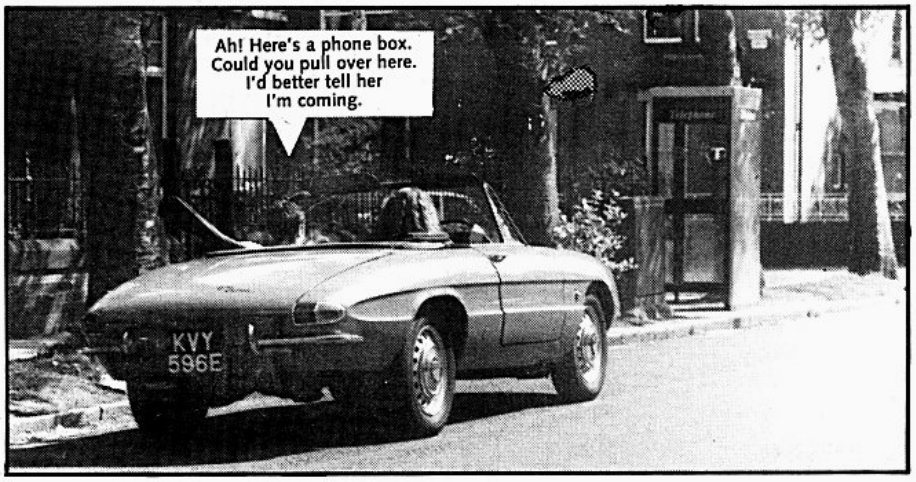
What is it? What's the matter?
It's Polly. She... she's a parrot.

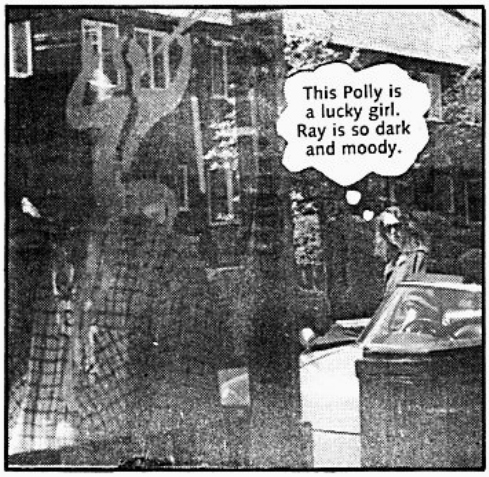
Oh Ray. I'm so sorry.
I guess I'll never find true happiness.


Tell me, do you have relatives in Leeds?
No, I'm looking up an old friend actually.

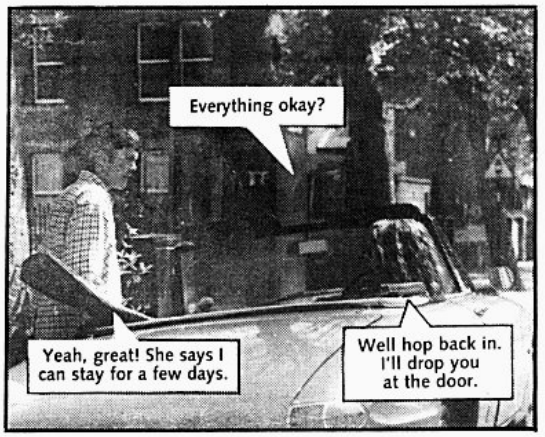

An old flame is it?
Not at all. It's someone I've never even met.
We just speak a lot on the phone.

She's called Polly. We got chatting one day after we had a crossed line. I've spoken to her every day since.
In a funny sort of way I've fallen in love with her.

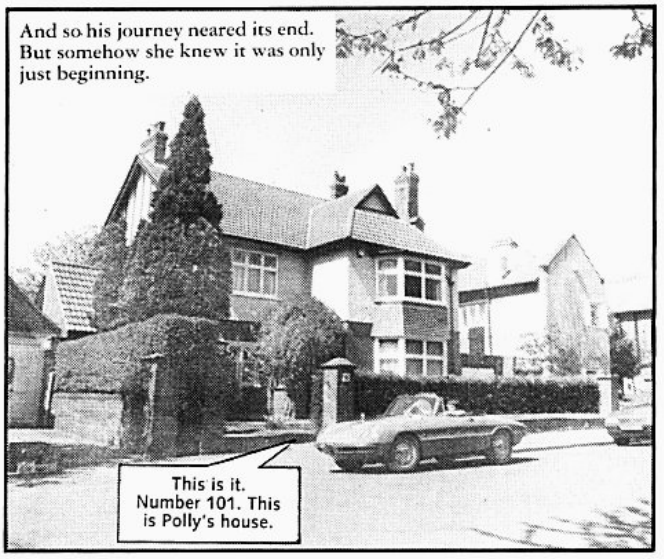

Ah! Here's a phone box. Could you pull over here. I'd better tell her I'm coming.
KVY 596E

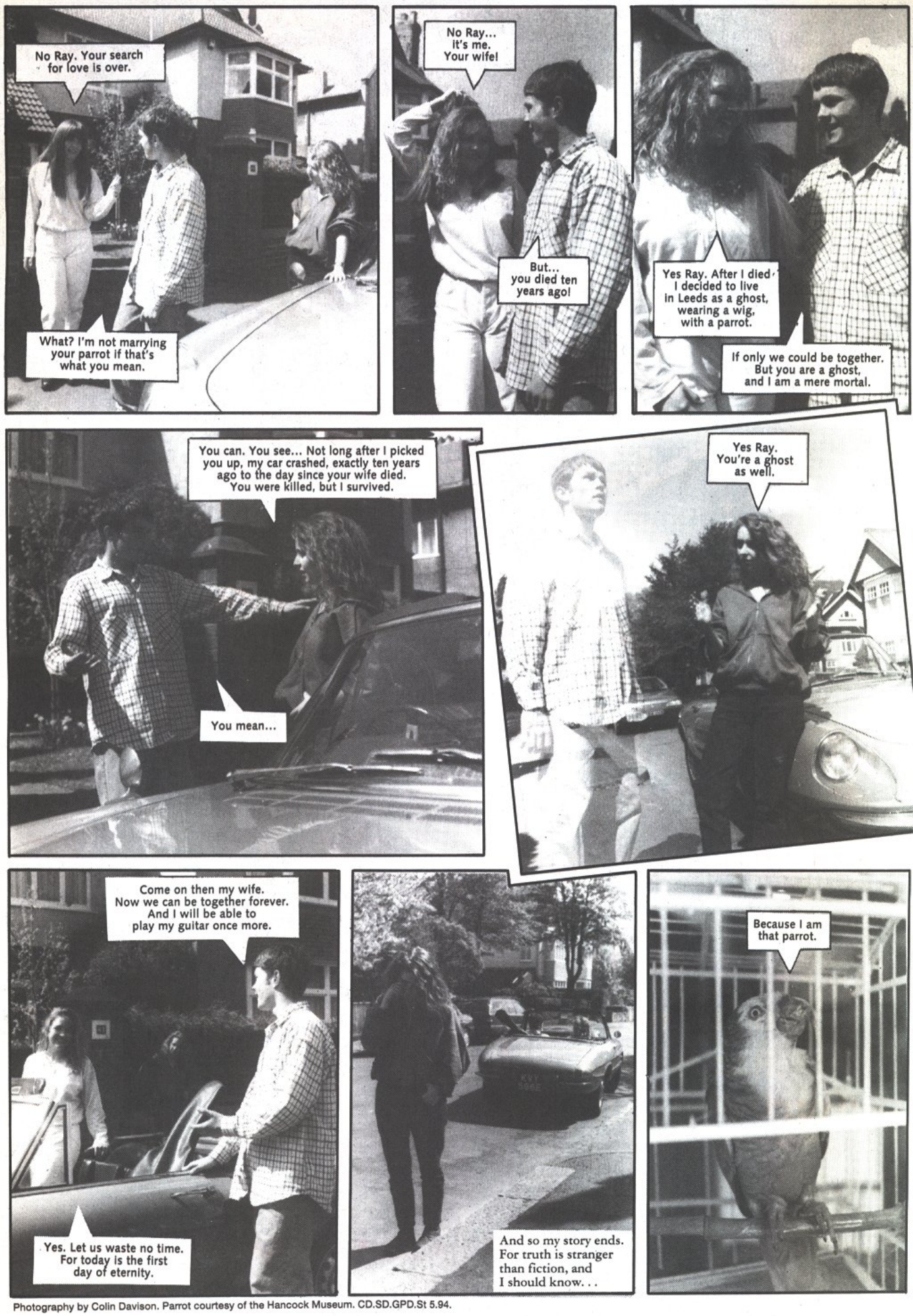

This Polly is a lucky girl. Ray is so dark and moody.

I can't wait to meet you Polly. I'll be there in 20 minutes.
Okay. I'll put the kettle on. We'll all have tea.


Everything okay?
Yeah, great! She says I can stay for a few days.
Well hop back in. I'll drop you at the door.

Come on. Put your foot down. I can't wait to meet her, and find out what she looks like at long last!
I only hope she can live up to his expectations.


And so his journey neared its end. But somehow she knew it was only just beginning.
This is it. Number 101. This is Polly's house.



Photography by Colin Davison. Parrot courtesy of the Hancock Museum. CD.SD.GPD.St 5.94.

MR. LOGIC

OH DEAR, HE REALLY IS VERY ANNOYING INDEED.

hmmm...

HOW THE HELL DO YOU DO THIS?

FLAP!

FLAP!

BLOODY THING!

OH, JUST GIVE UP DAVE, WE'LL SIT ON THE FRIGGIN' SAND.

WRESTLE!

hmm...

FWIITT!

PERFECTLY ERECTED

MORNING SIR.

CHAIRS

NO. NONE OF MY FAMILY MEMBERS HAVE DIED IN RECENT TIMES.

CHAIRS

ERM...

YES... ERM... VERY FUNNY... TEN BOB FOR THE CHAIR, PAL.

THAT IS INDEED A MOST GENEROUS OFFER, BUT ONE WHICH I MUST DECLINE, AS I HOLD NO TITLE TO SAID FURNITUREMENT, TO WIT THE OWNERSHIP BELONGS TO SOME THIRD PARTY UNBEKNOWNST TO ME.

... ERM, NO. TEN BOB FOR THE CHAIR.

CHAIRS

HOLD ON. YOU'RE ON MY CHAIR, PAL.

AAH. HOW FORTUNATE, THE OWNER OF THE CHAIR.

WHAT?

THIS GENTLEMAN HAS MADE A VERBAL OFFER TO SECURE THE PURCHASE OF THE CHAIR, SUBJECT TO CONTRACT, IN THE SUM OF FIFTY NEW PENCE.

BUT ITS HIS.

CHAIRS

AAAH. A NEW DEVELOPMENT. THE GENTLEMAN WHO PREVIOUSLY CLAIMED TITLE TO THE CHAIR HAS NOW ACCEDED SAID TITLE TO THIS GENTLEMAN, THE PREVIOUSLY PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER WHEN I WAS HELD TO BE THE OWNER... HOW FASCINATING.

CHAIRS

hmm...

THE SUN IS NO LONGER PRECLUDED BY CUMULO NIMBUS, LEADING TO A RISE IN THE AMBIENT TEMPARATURE, THE EXTENT OF MY APPAREL HAS THUS BECOME INCONSISTENT WITH THE METEOROLOGICAL CONDITIONS PREVAILING.

AS A CONSEQUENCE I DEEM IT PERCIPIENT TO DIVEST MYSELF OF A SUBSTANTIAL PROPORTION OF SAID ATTIREMENTS.

BRRR! DUE TO THE SPECIFIC HEAT CAPACITY OF THE BRINE, NOTWITHSTANDING THE RADIANT ENERGY PROVIDED BY THE SUN'S CONSTANT FUSION, THIS WATER IS COLD.

MISTER... CATCH!

STOTT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU CATCH IT?

I HAVE NO OBJECTION TO TAKING PART IN A BALL GAME, BUT NOT UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU DEFINE THE RULES AND OBJECT OF THE GAME, AND WHAT POSSIBLE BENEFITS WILL ACRUE AS A RESULT OF SUCCESSFUL PARTICIPATION THEREIN.

I THROW THE BALL TO YOU, YOU THROW IT BACK, IT'S FUN, YOU SEE?

hmm... I DISAGREE WITH THAT PREMISS, THE ACTION OF ENSNARING A SPHERICAL PROJECTILE FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF RETURNING IT ALONG THE SAME TRAJECTORY DOES NOT CONSTITUTE "FUN" BY MY DEFINITION OF THE WORD.

DADDY! HE WON'T GIVE ME MY BALL BACK.

WHAT!? I'LL SORT HIM OUT!

HOY! GIVE OUR KID HER BALL BACK!

AAH. YOU MISUNDERSTAND. UNLIKE THE DECKCHAIR TITLE TO THE BALL IS NOT IN DISPUTE AT THIS JUNCTURE. TO SUMMARISE THE SITUATION FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EASILY UNDERSTOOD TERMS, YOUR DAUGHTER PROPELLED A BALL AT ME UNSOLICITED. IN PURSUANCE, FOLLOWING A MINOR CRANIAL IMPACT, THERE WAS A BRIEF INTERCHANGE BETWEEN US, AT THE TERMINATION OF WHICH YOUR DAUGHTER WRONGLY CONCLUDED THAT I HAD APPROPRIATED SAID BALL.

SHORTLY...

THAT'S HIM OFFICER. THAT'S THE BLOKE WHO PINCHED OUR KYLIE'S BALL.

HELLO HELLO HELLO.

COME ON. OUT THE WATER. LET'S SORT THIS LOT OUT!

AS I HAVE ENDEAVOURED TO EXPLAIN TO THE COMPLAINEE, I WAS IN FACT WILLING TO PARTAKE IN MUTUAL PLEASUREABLE ACTIVITY WITH THE CHILD.

I WAS MERELY TRYING TO ESTABLISH PERAMETERS WITHIN WHICH WE MIGHT PROCEED TO MAXIMISE OUR ENJOYMENT.

!

YES? HELLO?... SEND A VANFULL. AND TELL THE BOYS TO PUT THEIR KICKING BOOTS ON, WE'VE GOT A SEX CASE ON THE BEACH.

OH NO. THE LATEST IN A SERIES OF SUCH MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

SO...

ALL THOSE YEARS OF BEING BULLIED AT SCHOOL, AND AT LAST I GET TO KICK SOMEONE IN THE NUTS!

TAKE THE LONG ROUTE SARGE, THIS IS WHAT I SIGNED UP FOR!

NER! NER! NER! NER!

BOOT!

POLICE

HOOF!

PUNT!

OOOF!

THE TERM "REASONABLE FORCE" IS OF COURSE AN ARBITRARY ONE... OOYAH!... NEVERTHELESS I FEEL IN THIS CIRCUMSTANCE THAT I WOULD QUESTION YOUR INTERPRETATION... OOCH!

The MODERN PARENTS

SUNDAY....

WHAT SHALL WE DO TODAY? LET'S HAVE SOME SUGGESTIONS SO WE CAN MAKE A GROUP DECISION...

LET'S GO TO THAT STORY-TELLING WORKSHOP AT THE WHOLESELF CENTRE

LET'S GO TO THE PARK AND PLAY FOOTBALL.

HIGH-FIBRE WHOLEMEAL 100% WHOLEGRAIN

GARLIC OLIVES

OH TARQUIN! HAVEN'T YOU READ THAT BOOK I LENT YOU – "FOOTBALL AND THE MALE PSYCHE"?... SURELY YOU DON'T WANT TO PARTICIPATE IN A METAPHORICAL RE-ENACTMENT OF WARFARE WHICH PANDERS TO MAN'S BASEST INSTINCTS OF COMPETITIVE MACHISMO AND URBAN TRIBALISM.

WELL I PROPOSE WE TAKE A VOTE ON THE DAY'S AGENDA... ALL THOSE IN FAVOUR OF THE STORY-TELLING WORKSHOP?...

TWO... GOOD!

NOW, ALL THOSE WHO WANT TO WASTE THE DAY AGGRESSIVELY KICKING A FOOTBALL ROUND THE PARK?..

...ONLY ONE... WELL TARQUIN, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO ACCEPT THE DEMOCRATIC DECISION...

WHAT ABOUT GUIN?... HE HASN'T VOTED YET.

GUINEVERE'S ABSTAINING BECAUSE HE HASN'T LEARNT TO TALK YET AND HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE ISSUES BEING DISC...

FOOTBALL.

OH TARQUIN! WE'VE SPENT MONTHS TRYING TO ENCOURAGE GUINEVERE'S FIRST WORD TO BE "DOLPHIN".

WELL WE'RE NOT GOING TO TRIVIALIZE THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS BY INCLUDING HIS MEANINGLESS BABY-TALK.

IT'S NOT FAIR! ALL MY FRIENDS GET TO PLAY FOOTBALL!... WHY CAN'T WE BE LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE?

I FIND IT VERY WORRYING THAT TARQUIN FINDS IT SO DIFFICULT TO IDENTIFY WITH OUR ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE...

HMM... PERHAPS IF HE SAW MORE PEOPLE LIVING IN A CARING WAY LIKE US HE'D ACCEPT IT AS A NORMAL WAY OF LIFE... WHY DON'T WE GO AND VISIT ADAM AND HELENA FROM MY TAI CHI GROUP?...

... THEY'VE BEEN CREATING THEIR OWN ORGANIC SMALL-HOLDING AND CRUELTY-FREE LIVING SPACE OUT IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.... AND THEIR THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON, ORPHEUS, IS APPARENTLY REALLY CREATIVE.... HE MIGHT BE A GOOD RÔLE-MODEL FOR TARQUIN...

SO...

LOOK, TARQUIN, THERE'S THEIR HOUSE... ADAM DESIGNED IT HIMSELF.

...AND WE'RE MISSING CARTOON TIME...

AS YOU CAN SEE, I WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM THE TRADITIONAL WESTERN SOCIETY HOUSE SHAPE, WITH IT'S AGGRESSIVE MASCULINE RIGHT-ANGLES....

ADAM'S CREATED A SHAPE WHICH SYMBOLISES A FEMININE NURTURING CONCEPT OF HOME...

THIS IS OUR MAIN COMMUNAL QUALITY-TIME LIVING AREA... WE'VE TRIED TO EVOKE A SORT OF WOMB-LIKE BEDOUIN TENT FEEL...

BUZZ!

YOU'LL NOTICE OUR OPEN-PLAN TOILET CORNER... WE DON'T BELIEVE IN HIDING NATURAL BODILY FUNCTIONS AWAY BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

IT SMELLS

BIO-LOO

WE'RE PLANNING TO GENERATE ALL OUR OWN ELECTRICITY WITH THE WINDMILL ONCE ADAM'S GOT IT WORKING AT MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY...

THIS IS OUR SLEEPING AND LOVE-MAKING AREA...

FOLLOW THE SAFE SEX CODE

THIS IS OUR STUDY... PEOPLE LIKE US ARE LEADING THE TREND TOWARDS TELEWORKING, WITH ALL THE LATEST ELECTRONIC MAIL AND FAX/DATA MODEM SYSTEMS...

BEEP!

BUZZ!

AND THIS IS OUR CREATIVE FOOD-PREPARATION STUDIO

I MUST LET YOU HAVE MY LENTIL-BAKE-SURPRISE RECIPE...

AND THIS IS ORPHEUS'S ROOM... HE'S PROBABLY BUSY PRACTICING HIS VIOLIN... HE'S SO GIFTED...

KNOCK! KNOCK!

HI! CRESSIDA! MALCOLM! GREAT TO SEE YOU!

THIS IS GOING TO BE OUR ORGANIC HERB AND VEGETABLE GARDEN... OF COURSE, WE'RE LEAVING THE EXISTING WILD PLANTS TO COHABIT WITH WHATEVER WE GROW... WE DON'T BELIEVE IN DISCRIMINATING AGAINST SO-CALLED WEEDS.

ORPHEUS, THIS IS MALCOLM, CRESSIDA, TARQUIN AND GUINEVERE... HARD AT WORK WERE YOU?

OH... ER.. YEAH...

GOOD... YOU'VE GOT YOUR AUDITION FOR THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC NEXT MONTH, REMEMBER

IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE ABLE TO PLAY AN INSTRUMENT... PERHAPS YOU COULD GIVE TARQUIN A LITTLE VIOLIN LESSON NOW?

OH... ER... RIGHT...

WHAT A GOOD IDEA!.. AND WE CAN HAVE SOME HERBAL TEA...

YES, HE'S A REAL PRODIGY... I SUPPOSE ONE SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED – YOUNG PEOPLE DO INHERIT CREATIVITY FROM THEIR PARENTS, DON'T THEY?

OF COURSE WE HAVE TO ENCOURAGE HIM TO PUT IN TEN HOURS OF VIOLIN PRACTICE EACH DAY... WE SEE IT AS OUR PARENTAL DUTY TO PUSH HIM TO DEVELOP HIS TALENT...

WHEN IT BECAME APPARENT THAT ORPHEUS WAS GIFTED WE HAD TO SEND HIM TO A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR HIGH FLIERS... OF COURSE THE FEES ARE ENORMOUS AND ONE HATES TO OPT OUT OF THE STATE SYSTEM BUT HE SIMPLY WASN'T GETTING THE KIND OF SPECIAL ATTENTION HE NEEDED AT THE LOCAL SCHOOL.

IS TARQUIN A GIFTED YOUNG PERSON OR DOES IT NOT REALLY RUN IN YOUR FAMILY?

OH...ER... ABSOLUTELY!... HE...ER.. HASN'T QUITE FOUND HIS PARTICULAR OUTLET FOR HIS CREATIVITY YET BUT HE'S TREMENDOUSLY ADVANCED FOR HIS AGE.

AFTER ALL HIS OCCASIONAL DISRUPTIVE BEHAVIOUR IS A CLASSIC INDICATION OF GENIUS... TARQUIN'S AN ARIES SO OF COURSE HE'S A VERY PHYSICAL PERSON.

WELL PERHAPS HE'S GOT A NATURAL AFFINITY FOR DANCE, THEN?

LATER.....

WHAT A PERFECT LIFE THEY HAVE! ...SO HOW DID YOUR VIOLIN LESSON GO, TARQUIN?

ORPHEUS DIDN'T SEEM TO BE INTERESTED IN HIS VIOLIN... HE'S WEIRD!...HE JUST KEPT TALKING ABOUT DEATH...

TARQUIN, HE'S A MUSICAL PRODIGY... YOU CAN'T EXPECT HIM TO BEHAVE LIKE THE IMMATURE YOUNG PEOPLE YOU MIX WITH AT SCHOOL.

... AND HE KEPT DRINKING FROM A BOTTLE OF WHISKY HE HAD HIDDEN UNDER HIS PILLOW!

DON'T BE SO NARROW-MINDED, TARQUIN! HE PROBABLY USES ALCOHOL CREATIVELY TO UNLOCK HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND.

ANYWAY WE HAD A VERY INTERESTING CHAT WITH HELENA AND ADAM.... TOMORROW, WE'RE GOING TO SEE ABOUT PLACING YOU SOMEWHERE MORE EDUCATIONALLY SUITABLE NEXT YEAR...

SO....

COME ON, TARQUIN, LET'S FIND A DANCE TUTOR TO AUDITION YOU...

DON'T WANT TO!

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF MODERN DANCE

...AND OF COURSE I WOULDN'T NORMALLY GO TOPLESS BUT THE BARMAN EXPLAINED HOW IT WAS VALID IN THE CONTEXT OF THE ROUTINE SO I....

I HAD TWO MUESLI BARS YESTERDAY... I'M SURE I'M GETTING FAT.

NO YOU'RE NOT!

YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT! I'M OBESE!

THIS IS TARQUIN... ... HE'S GOT A SPECIAL GIFT FOR CONTEMPORARY DANCE AND HE MUST START ON THE DEGREE COURSE IN SEPTEMBER.

WE DON'T REALLY APPROVE OF THE ELITISM OF PLACES LIKE CAMBRIDGE BUT HE NEEDS THE SPECIAL TUITION AND ONCE HE'S HERE HE CAN CHANGE THE ESTABLISHMENT FROM WITHIN...

ER... ISN'T HE A BIT YOUNG?

HE'S ELEVEN BUT HE'S INCREDIBLY MATURE... AND THERE'S REALLY NO POINT IN HIM GOING TO SECONDARY SCHOOL TO BE INDOCTRINATED IN THE SUBJECTS OF WESTERN CAPITALISM AND THE ARMS INDUSTRY LIKE MATHS AND SCIENCE.

COME ON TARQUIN! SHOW HER SOME OF YOUR FREE DANCE PIECE...

EXIT

...TARQUIN?!

PISS OFF! DANCING'S FOR GIRLS! I FEEL SILLY AND YOU ALL LOOK STUPID TOO!

HMM... MAYBE TARQUIN'S FORTE LIES IN CHOREOGRAPHY RATHER THAN PERFORMANCE... PERHAPS HE COULD COLLABORATE WITH ORPHEUS TO CREATE A NEW BALLET...

GOOD IDEA! LET'S GO AND ASK ORPHEUS NOW SHALL WE, TARQUIN?

OH YES, I'M SURE ORPHEUS WOULD LOVE TO COMPOSE THE MUSIC FOR TARQUIN'S BALLET... HE'S IN HIS ROOM AT THE MOMENT, PRACTICING.

HE'S GOT HIS RECORDING DEBUT NEXT WEEK SO WE'VE DECIDED HE NEEDS TO PUT IN SOME EXTRA HOURS.

HMM... I CAN'T HEAR HIM PLAYING... I EXPECT HE'S ABSORBED IN MEMORISING A CONCERTO ...LET'S SEE...

KNOCK! KNOCK!!

OH.

LATER....

I THOUGHT THE POLICE WOULD NEVER LEAVE! ALL THOSE QUESTIONS! THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THAT ORPHEUS OBVIOUSLY TOOK HIS LIFE BECAUSE HE COULDN'T FACE LIVING IN A WORLD TOO SHALLOW AND INSENSITIVE TO TRULY APPRECIATE HIS GENIUS.

ANYWAY, THE FUNERAL WILL BE NEXT WEEKEND... WE'LL BE BURYING HIM HERE, CLOSE TO WHERE HE SPENT SO MANY HAPPY HOURS PRACTICING HIS VIOLIN... AND THEN WE'LL HAVE A COMMUNAL CRYING AND WAILING SESSION TO LET OUT ALL OUR GRIEF BEFORE WE HAVE A PARTY...

I KNOW! TARQUIN COULD CHOREOGRAPH A DANCE PIECE AS A MOVING TRIBUTE TO ORPHEUS.

OH YES! AND I COULD BE IN IT AND PERFORM A NAKED DANCE ABOUT ADOLESCENT ANGST... LET'S GO AND START WORK ON IT, TARQUIN.

DON'T WANT TO.

OH COME ON, TARQUIN! DON'T YOU WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE CELEBRATION OF ORPHEUS'S LIFE?

OH WELL, ALRIGHT... BUT LET ME ORGANISE IT MYSELF, WITH... ER... OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE, FROM SCHOOL...

THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND....

...RIGHT, NOW THAT ORPHEUS'S SPIRIT BEING IS AT REST, LET'S GO AND SEE TARQUIN'S PIECE... HE'S BEEN OUT ORGANISING THINGS ALL WEEK WITH HIS SCHOOL FRIENDS....

YOU KNOW, I FEEL THAT ORPHEUS'S DEATH HAS REALLY BROUGHT OUT TARQUIN'S MATURE CREATIVE SELF...

HOW MARVELLOUS!

GOAL!

THE ORPHEUS MEMORIAL MATCH ADMISHUN - £1.50 ALL PROCEEDS TOWARDS SCHOOL TRIPP TO 1994 WORLD CUP

ORGANIC VEGETABLES HERBS & FLOWERS GARDEN

John Fardell '94

Pooar! Was tha

EXCLUSIVE

A wind of change is blowing through the Kent port of Folkstone since the recent opening of the Channel Tunnel.

Farting Frogs funnel chuffs through Chunnel

But the residents haven't had a whiff of the booming business and economic growth they had expected from their new link to the continent. Instead they are breathing in dense, foggy clouds of putrid garlic fumes which are drifting through the tunnel.

MATTER

And this gas is no laughing matter. For British officials believe their French counterparts are *deliberately* pumping trouser gas through the tunnel in order to solve their own pollution problems. And as a result dangerously high levels of French fart fumes could soon be causing serious environmental damage in the Kent area.

GLOSSER

Engineers at the British end of the tunnel first detected a whiff of pickled eggs the day after the tunnel was officially opened by the Queen. At about the same time several complaints were made from members of the public who noticed that the white cliffs of Dover were turning yellow. Scientific tests then confirmed that alarming levels of guff gases originating on the French side were filtering through the tunnel.

EGGSHELLER

But as well as the obvious dangers to safety, local residents are concerned about the immediate threat which the Chunnel chuff gases pose to the environment. For the unpleasant stench can very quickly erode stone work, cause cars to rust, trees to shed their foliage, and wallpaper to peel off. Farm produce from within a 50 mile radius of the tunnel entrance is being monitored by Ministry of Agriculture officials, and one herd of cattle has already been destroyed after their milk began to taste of mouldy cheese and pickled eggs.

FRENCH

Officially the French deny funnelling their fumes into the Chunnel, but their diet of thick black coffee, garlic and frog's legs has lead to serious pollution problems in the past. And the French government were known to be investigating new ways of getting rid of the estimated 750 million tons of trouser emissions which the French public let off every day.

CAPITAL

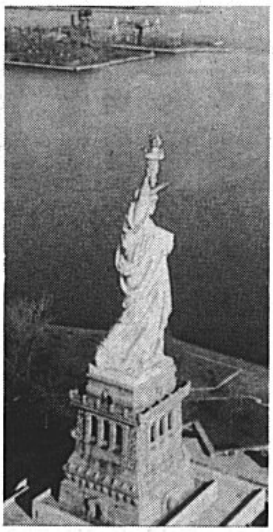
John Major is thought to have expressed his personal concern to the Prime Minister of France over the matter, however, the Channel Tunnel Treaty which was signed by both countries makes no mention of fart gases, and as a result the British authorities are unable to take action over the issue.

RED

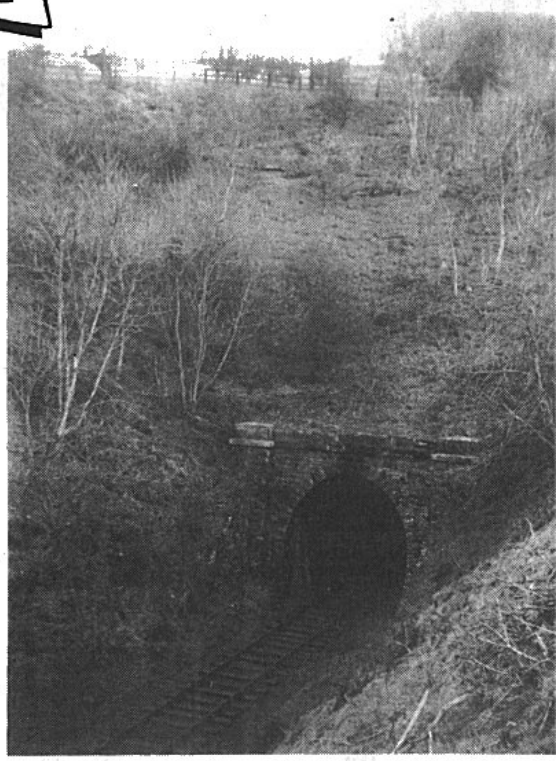
How to dispose of their plentiful and particularly pungent cabbage clouds has been a constant problem for the French throughout history. Napoleon first highlighted the problem in 1812 after his army conquered Moscow only for the city to be burnt down after French troops, celebrating their victory, had accidently ignited their botty burps. Napoleon offered a reward of 2,000 francs (a sum of French money) to anyone who could invent a method of safely disposing of his countrymen's anal emissions.

BLACK

Another attempt to solve the problem came in the shape of the Eiffel Tower which was originally designed as a giant flue to release pump gases into the sky above Paris. But street cafe owners complained that such a scheme would be unhygenic with so many Parisians sitting on the pavement all day drinking coffee and eating garlic bread. And so the tower was converted into a tourist attraction instead.



These two world famous landmarks were both built as cunning fart disposal devices.



Scene of the smells – the British entrance to the Channel Tunnel yesterday.

The people of New York were grateful when the French presented them with the Statue of Liberty to commemorate the anniversary of American independence. But unknown to the Americans the statue was in fact intended as a 'Trojan Pump Horse'. It was in fact a cunningly designed giant gas tank filled with odourous farts. The gas would have been burnt off slowly, keeping the statue's famous torch alight for up to fifty years. But the resulting clouds of pungent smoke would have thrown the city into darkness and caused widespread illness and disease. Fortunately for the Americans the statue sprang a leak during its voyage across the Atlantic and the gas escaped, killing millions of fish.

PINK

Only Sweden has ever attempted to tackle the problem of national flatulence. In 1989 they became the first country in Europe to harness pump power and convert it into energy. The flatulence fired electrical generator station at Trask was the first of its kind in the world, using farts to power a series of giant windmills which would in turn generate electricity. A 'wind tunnel' was built from the densely populated South East of the country to the power station 600 miles away. Unfortunately the amount of fart coming through the tunnel was insufficient to make the giant windmills turn, and the decision was taken to scrap the £400 billion project.

SHIT

Last night British Nuclear Fuels began negotiating with French sewage officials in an attempt to resolve the Channel Tunnel wind problem. It is thought that BNF will buy France's excess emissions and transport them to Nuclear power stations in Britain where they will piss about with them for several years before deciding what the fuck to do next.

vous?

We're farting back for Britain!

We're launching a patriotic campaign to save Britain from the disgusting smell which the French are chunnelling in our direction. And we already have the backing of several top stars, including Jim 'Nick Nick' Davison, Sting, Dame Vera Lynn and the late Field Marshall Montgomery.

We plan to give the Frogs a taste of their own medicine by sending them some good old British farts, 'Dambusters' style. And these will be bouncing bombs with a difference, as Charles Aznavor and co. will soon be finding out.

We're going to inflate red, white and blue beach balls using British wind, and send them bouncing off the white cliffs of Dover towards the French coast. And in a highly emotional atmosphere Dame Vera will sing some of her wartime favourites as the bombs are launched. If the French thought D-Day was spectacular, wait till they see this!

Proud to be pumping for Britain. Jim 'nick nick' Davidson (above) and Dame Vera (above above).

This is how YOU can help. We want everyone in Britain to send us a fart, and we'll use your farts to inflate our bouncing bombs. All you have to do is fart into an envelope, and send it to the following address: Viz 'Fartbusters Campaign', P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. And remember to mark your envelopes 'Proud to be British'. You can send as many farts as you like, but each one must be in a separate envelope. We regret that we cannot accept wet ones.

To prevent your fart simply blowing away whilst in the post, each envelope should be weighed down. To do this simply pop a one pound coin into the envelope before sealing it. And make sure you lick your envelope *before* you fart into it, or use a self-sealing envelope. ***Under no circumstances attempt to lick a fart filled envelope.***

Always follow the farting code

For reasons of safety always take these simple precautions when farting:

1. Always fart in a well ventilated room, away from children or pets.

2. Never fart near a naked flame, or attempt to ignite a fart.

3. Under no circumstances should you fart whilst suffering from diarrhoea or any similar medical condition. If in doubt consult your doctor.

4. Never hold a fart in – it could make your heart explode.

JAILHOUSE SHOCK

'Luxury prisons' a con says con

A Cleethorpes man is to write to the Home Office after a trip to one of Britain's 'luxury' jails turned into a nightmare.

Joe Worthington was looking forward to six months of booze, sex and drugs after reading about Britain's jails in the tabloid press. But within hours of arriving at Hull's high security prison Joe was already wishing he was back home.

STAY

"I'd read about the sex and drugs and was really looking forward to my stay", Joe told us. "I'd heard that all sorts of drugs were freely available inside, and that prostitutes would be provided, so I was quite excited when the judge gave me six months." But Joe's dreams were quickly shattered.

SIT

"The first thing that struck me was how small the rooms were. I asked for a single but they gave me a twin which I had to share with a total stranger. There was no tea and coffee making facilities, no TV and no mini-bar either. But worst of all our room didn't have en-suite facilities, so whenever I needed the bathroom during the night I had to use a bucket which the cleaner had left in the room."

HEEL

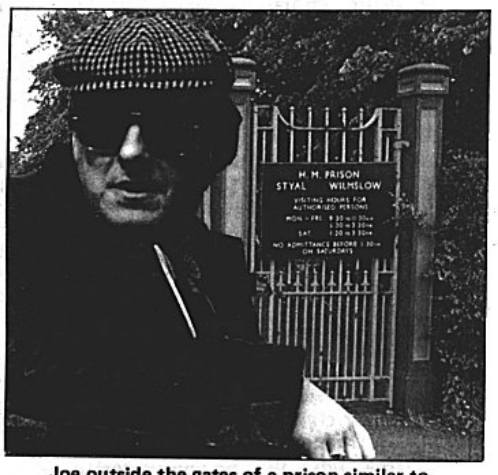
According to Joe the prison's restaurant had to be seen to be believed. "It was like something out of Fawlty Towers," he told us. "There were hardly any staff. It was so bad we had to do a lot of the cooking ourselves. And the service was appalling. In the whole time I was there I never saw a single wine list."

SOLE

Leisure facilities at the prison were also a disappointment. "There was never anything to do. It was left up to the wardens to organise games and activities, but they weren't exactly the brightest people you'll ever meet. All they ever did was tell us to walk round in circles in the yard. No day trips or outings or anything like that. In fact they wouldn't even take us to the pub in the evenings."

PLAICE

Joe's wife had been looking forward to visiting him. She saved up for a fortnight just to buy him drugs and had put on a clean pair of knickers, fully expecting to be ushered into a side room for a steamy prison romp with her husband. But she was in for a big surprise. "We had to sit at a table in a big room full of other people. It was really embarrassing. My wife suggested I smoke some drugs to help me relax while we had sex on the table. But I hadn't even got her knickers off when the warden came and pulled us apart. Next thing you know they threw her out and chucked me back in my cell. And they wouldn't even let me keep the drugs."



Joe outside the gates of a prison similar to the one refered to in our story, yesterday.

SKATE

Indeed, getting his end away was proving to be a bit of a problem of Joe. "The prostitutes were the main reason I wanted to go to prison," he confessed. "I'd heard the wardens smuggle them in for steamy romps with the inmates. But when I politely asked if they could get me a couple of girls to put on a lesbian show for me, I was dragged before the governor. I told him one girl would do, and I'd even settle for some quick topless relief, but he wasn't having any of it. I ended up in solitary confinement for a week."

SKI

Since his release Joe has written to the prison authorities complaining about the facilities and also the standard of service inside the prison. But so far he has not received a reply. "I've also written to the judge who arranged the sentence for me. I'm sure he wouldn't be sending people to Hull prison if he knew what a dump it was." said Joe.

MÜLLER LITE

When we rang the Home Office a spokesman admitted that there were problems maintaining standards at many of Britain's jails. "To be quite honest we can't get the staff." he told us yesterday.

STREETCORNER SID

"Three Lighters for a Quid!"

DISPOSABLE CIGARETTE LIGHTERS. THREE FOR A QUID.

THREE LIGHTERS FOR A QUID. DISPOSABLE CIGARETTE LIGHTERS. THREE FOR A POUND.

FUCK THIS FOR A GAME OF SOLDIERS. I'M OFF DOWN THE PUB!

THE STICKY CARPET

HOW'S THE FALLEN-OFF-THE BACK-OF-A-LORRY CIGARETTE LIGHTER BUSINESS, SID?

DON'T ASK!

WHAT'S UP WITH THAT LOT?

THEY'RE ALL DYIN' FOR A FAG AND I'VE COMPLETELY SOLD OUT OF MATCHES!

IDEA!

HEY, THERE'S A NEWSAGENT 'ROUND THE CORNER! YOU COULD BUY SOME MATCHES THERE!

GREAT! THANKS, SID!

LATER...

OH BOTHER! I'VE DROPPED MY GOLD-PLATED LIGHTER DOWN THAT DRAIN! HOW CAN I LIGHT MY EXPENSIVE CIGAR NOW?

IDEA!

COME WITH ME, MATE. I'VE GOT THE PERFECT SOLUTION TO YOUR DILEMMA!

THERE! MY MATE DAVE STANDS IN THE STREET JUGGLING FIRE ALL DAY. BY INCORPORATING YOU INTO HIS ACT - THUS - HE IS ABLE TO IGNITE YOUR CIGAR WITH ONE OF HIS TORCHES!

WHEEE! THIS IS FUN!

OOPS!

CRACK!

WOW! IT'S BARRY MANILOW AND A GROUP OF HIS ADORING MIDDLE-AGED FANS! WHY SO GLUM, BAZZA?

Sob. I'M DOING A CONCERT TONIGHT BUT A DOZEN OR SO OF MY ADORING FANS HAVE FORGOTTEN TO BRING CANDLES TO HOLD UP IN A SPECTACULAR AND DRAMATIC FASHION WHEN I SING "I WRITE THE SONGS".

IDEA!

STEP THIS WAY, LADIES. BY DRINKING MILK FARMED IN THE VICINITY OF THIS OLD DODGY NUCLEAR POWER STATION, YOUR BODIES WILL ABSORB ENOUGH RADIOACTIVITY TO ENABLE YOU TO GLOW IN THE DARK!

YAY! WHO NEEDS CANDLES? THANKS, SID!

OH WOW! EXCELLENT!

ONLY TOO HAPPY TO HELP, BARRY! LET'S HOPE THEY ALL SURVIVE TO SEE THE CONCERT TONIGHT, EH?

GLOW!

WHAT A DAY! WISH I'D HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO SELL A FEW LIGHTERS THOUGH.

NEVER MIND, - I'VE LEFT THE OVEN ON TO PRE-HEAT IT SO I CAN BUNG THIS PIE IN AND HAVE IT COOKED IN TWENTY MINUTES.

SLURP.

BOLLOCKS! I FORGOT TO PAY MY ELECTRIC BILL AND I'VE BEEN CUT OFF!

CLICK! CLICK!

HMM. MAYBE I'VE FOUND A USE FOR MY LIGHTERS AT LAST!

GOOD JOB I'VE GOT A GAS OVEN! AT LEAST I CAN HAVE MY DINNER.

FUNNY. RECKON I CAN SMELL GA-

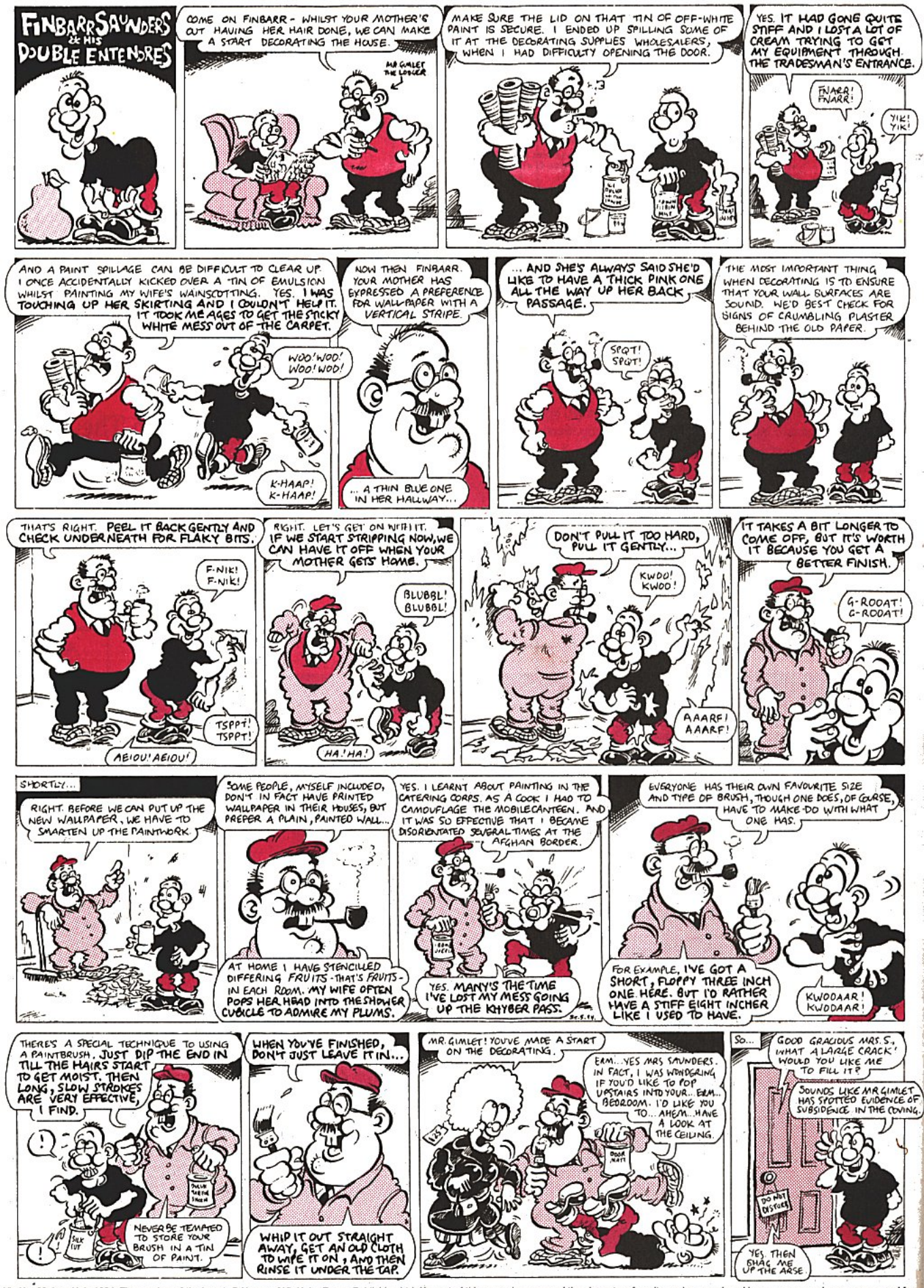
BOOM!

PEARLY GATES

THREE LIGHTERS FOR A QUID. DISPOSABLE CIGARETTE LIGHTERS...

SIGH.

JEW STRINGER



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BUM FART

BOLLOCKS

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✪ **PLUS** the best Investigative Journalism *(That's enough. Ed.)*

PRIVATE EYE

90p FORTNIGHTLY